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# THE AMERICAN.

VOL. XIX.—No. 498.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1890.

PRICE, 6 CENTS.

## REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE elections throughout Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, for municipal and local officers show in general a stagnated political condition with numerous spots of irritation. Several Republican towns and cities,—among them Norristown, Lancaster, and Harrisburg,—chose the Democratic candidates for Burgess or Mayor, and in Reading, where for a number of years the Republicans have seldom failed to elect their Mayor, they were beaten by a large majority.

In Philadelphia, the Democrats made a poor stand, as usual. They constitute only a formal opposition to the Republican control, and as long as they are distracted by factional ill-feeling, demoralized by secret arrangements with the Republican managers, and carried off into "rainbow chasing" of the "Tariff reform" sort, it is unreasonable to expect that they will amount to much. They polled on Tuesday only 62 per cent of their Cleveland vote, while the Republicans polled 83 per cent. of that cast for Harrison.

In the election for a member of Congress in Judge Kelley's place, Mr. Reyburn has 8,384 majority over his competitor. This is sufficiently large, and indeed it is greater in proportion to the vote cast than was Judge Kelley's majority (9,639) in 1888. Practically, the canvass made against Mr. Reyburn by Mr. Ayres, on the "free raw materials" idea, amounted to nothing,—as of course it could not. There may be districts in New England where the views of the manufacturers and working-people are influenced by that idea, and where the Free Trade propaganda may make some gains in the next decade, but here in Philadelphia the plan of tying the Democratic party to such a notion is merely an effective way of making it easy for the "Dave" Martins and "Charley" Porters to control the city.

THE fact is, too, that little if anything has been gained by the election for the interests of the city of Philadelphia. The blister of public opinion was applied too late to the Councils disease. The obstructionists who have been standing in the way of the Reading Terminal and the Belt Line are reelected, without notable exception, those most prominent coming back in high feather for new jobs. The movement begun by the Town meeting, two weeks before the election, was altogether behind time, and it served little more than to show that there is a strong public sentiment waiting for resolute and practical leadership. The decision last week of the Committee of Fifty not to attempt to "take a hand" in the election was not only a prudent one, but was absolutely compulsory under the circumstances. The Committee came into the field simply to discover that all was "fixed," and if it had not withdrawn, its attempts at direction would have been not only futile, but fatal to its own credit.

It may as well be learned, now, as at any later day, that the hand laid on Philadelphia is the same that is laid on the State. The Quay system is over all. The two local managers, Martin and Porter, are Mr. Quay's instruments. The city is controlled by them, and controlled all the more readily because President Harrison has delivered over the State to Mr. Quay's use, and the bribe of the Federal "patronage" can be employed to carry out their schemes.

And what will change this?

THE Senate Committee has been hearing the arguments in behalf of both sets of claimants to represent Montana in the Senate. The strength of the Republican case is that the new constitution of the State abolishes the law requiring certificates from county election boards, and that the want of these could not militate against the claim of Republican members of the Legisla-

ture who held certificates from the State Board created by the constitution. Also that this contention has been sustained by the State Supreme Court in the recent suit for the salary of a member. Also that the presentation of two sets of certificates, one signed by the Governor and the other by the other State officials, whose signature the law requires, invalidates both and obliges the Senate to make inquiry into the constitution of the two bodies which elected the two sets of senators.

The Democratic case is that previous decisions are to the effect that a certificate of election signed by the Governor of any State creates a presumption of election and entitles the holder to take his seat. Also that the new constitution did not repeal the law requiring a certificate from the county clerk, or that if it did, the duty of certifying the election then devolved on the Territorial Governor, who had never signed the certificates for any of the members from Silver Bow county, and therefore had not conferred any formal legality on the claim of the Republican contestants.

It is notable that this thorny case, the most difficult the Senate had before it in our time, comes from that one of the new States which adopted the new method of voting, which is to save us from all such tangles, and that there are more than sixty contests for seats and offices in that State growing out of the same election.

THE House adopted the new Rules, after a full and free discussion in which the Democrats added nothing but fresh gushes of rhetoric, to what they had said in their speeches against Mr. Reed's rulings. Mr. Springer, indeed, converted into definite figures his general charges of progressive extravagance which would result from allowing the majority to legislate without the consent of the minority. He figured it out that no less a sum than \$1,645,000,000 would be lost by lavish appropriations, now that his jumping up and down and screaming at the Speaker has been made unavailable for the country's protection. This is a large sum, and it leads to a doubt whether Mr. Springer does not overestimate the value of his gymnastics, at the same time that he underestimates the prudence of the Republican majority of the House.

An embarrassing element was introduced in the discussion by an Ohio member, who read from the Congressional Record the letter in which Mr. Wise of Virginia, Mr. Henderson of North Carolina, and Mr. Randall of Pennsylvania denounced Speaker Carlisle for his autocratic course in refusing to allow of a vote on the proposal to repeal the tax on tobacco.

The responsibility of the majority of the House is vastly increased by the new Rules, and it is to be hoped that they will realize this fact and see to it that their measures are wisely digested. Thus far they have not shown enough to justify the hopes of their friends in this respect. The two bills for the amendment of the Tariff laws, which they sent to the Senate, were both found to be imperfect. And they need to hold with a firm hand the control of Pensions legislation, as this is the point on which the general public most questions their wisdom and economy.

THE House Committee on Elections has been working hard since its appointment over the pretty long list of contests which was laid before it, and we see no reason to distrust the honesty of the majority so far. We are glad to see that they dismissed one contest from Alabama with considerable promptness, when it appeared that the sitting member was really elected; and that in cases where the nature of the contest required careful examination, they have not spared the contestants in their demand for thorough and satisfactory proofs of their claims. In one West Vir-

ginia case they required the contestant to withdraw his claim and put it into proper shape before they would discuss it, and they have acted with the air and spirit of judges deciding important cases, and not that of partisans stealing a party advantage. They may fall below this as they proceed, but we hope not.

The evidence against the election of Mr. Wise from Virginia seems to be particularly strong. His district contains nearly half of the colored voters of Richmond, and the election officials, all of them Democrats, seem to have thought out the problem of preventing the majority from voting. One judge is said to have boasted that it took more than two hours to get in one colored vote, as the black man was sent home three times to ascertain the exact number of the house he lived in, and all proceedings at the polls were stopped in the meantime. In other cases the most preposterous questions were put to black voters, and these in a long string so as to gain time. Besides this, many Republican names were left off the registration by the Democrats who compiled it, and all these were refused the right to vote. By this means a majority was figured out for a Democrat from a naturally Republican district. But the voters who were debarred from voting by such means took the precaution to deposit their votes in charge of a United States official, who sealed them up in a special ballot-box. These votes, with the affidavits of these and other voters, have been laid before the Committee, and they constitute a reason not only for seating Judge Waddill instead of Mr. Wise, but for placing the elections of Congressmen under impartial and honest control.

MR. BRECKENRIDGE'S bill to grant copyright under specified conditions to foreign authors, has been unanimously reported with approval from the House Committee having it in charge. It is in substance and principle identical with that proposed by Mr. Chace and adopted by the Senate in the last Congress. It is in exact harmony with our national policy in related matters, and does not propose to confer absolute monopoly upon English book-manufacturers in the supply of the American market for new English books, as was proposed in the bill drafted by the Copyright League. It is not in strictness an International Copyright measure at all, although it may lead to that. It merely deals with the reprint of foreign books in America, in the belief that the suppression of book-piracy in this country is the best boon we can confer on our own authors, to say nothing of its benefits for their brethren abroad. It is believed that while England hardly can be expected to suppress the piracy of American books in the same way, yet that some alteration of the English copyright laws will be secured, in spite of the publishers, which will come to the same result.

As the bill is supported by many in both parties in both House and Senate, by the American printers and authors, and by most of the publishers, and has been endorsed by the association of American newspapers, it may be hoped that it will pass without much difficulty. Yet the question has been before Congress at intervals for over half a century without a single measure having obtained the assent of both houses.

THE Postmaster-General is pressing upon Congress his plan for a Postal Telegraph. He does not propose that the Government shall undertake the business of constructing telegraph lines, but that it shall enter into a contract with an existing company for the delivery of despatches at all the post-offices where there is free delivery of letters; and he would deliver the despatches along with the mails, as though they were letters. And he expects the present Congress to increase greatly the number of these offices, so that the new telegraph system would reach a much larger part of the people than now receive their letters by carriers. His bill fixes a maximum rate of charge to the public, but he would prefer to have that left to the discretion of the Postmaster-General. The contract would stand for ten years, but with provisions allowing such readjustments of charges as new inventions and processes would warrant.

The difficulty attending the introduction of such a system into a country like ours is that of drawing the line between the places to be reached and those to be excluded. The telegraph companies draw the line on business principles; they will not establish offices where these will not pay. The post-office is not conducted on such principles; most of its offices do not pay. At most of the points west of the centre of population the Government expends more than it receives, and very properly so, since close and constant communication between all parts of the country and all of its people is essential to our political unity. But the question is asked whether communication by wire is of equal political importance with communication by writing. If not, then the principles so far governing the Post-Office Department do not apply here.

THE disclosures as to the methods by which Hudson county, New Jersey, was carried for the Democrats in 1889, constitute one of the political sensations of the week. The county includes Jersey City, where the example of New York politics has long been known to exercise a bad influence. But until this year it never was possible to furnish proofs of the rascality which was suspected. It now appears that not one or two persons, but a very large part of the election officials must be regarded as participants in practices of the worst sort. The stuffing of the ballot-boxes in many election districts has been detected through the operation of a patent ballot-box, which registers the votes and stamps every ballot properly deposited. False counts even of the ballots dishonestly deposited, so as to still further increase the Democratic majority, have been discovered in many by comparing the ballots in the boxes with the returns. And altogether there is such evidence of carelessness in the keeping of the books and the counting of the votes as indicates a belief on the part of the officials that voting and counting votes were forms of no practical importance, as the result was to be declared independently of them.

The Democratic newspapers have been constrained to admit that things have gone very badly in Jersey City, but they talk as if it concerned only the question of one seat in the State Senate, as it was the contest in this case which led to the opening of one set of the ballot-boxes. But much more than this is involved. Just the same methods were employed to elect the present Democratic Governor, who got his office by his majority in Hudson county as truly as did the Senator in question. Why should not the set of boxes on which that majority is based be opened also? And the further question is the adequate punishment of the small army of officials who have betrayed their trust, and whose impunity would serve as an encouragement to the repetition of such rascalities. It is said that the sheriff of the county will interpose for their protection in the selection of the panel of the Grand Jury of the county. This involves the supposition that the State courts, whose severity against ordinary criminals is so proverbial, are either in the power of this sheriff, or are indifferent to the crime of perverting the suffrage of the people. We hope they will be able to clear themselves of both imputations.

A bill to establish the Australian method of voting is before the Legislature, and has been approved by the new Governor in his inaugural message. Without believing that the method is likely to work all the miracles promised for it, it is still possible to wish its establishment in New Jersey.

THE outlawry which discredits the South appears now in Florida, where a United States deputy-marshal has been assassinated. The affair occurs in the Second Congressional district, and this was one of those in which the national and State election laws were set at defiance in 1888, and a Democrat was returned to Congress by methods not better than those disclosed in Jersey City. Since the present Administration came into power there has been a determined effort to bring the offenders to justice before the United States courts. This was first met by the murder of a most important witness, a black man who was deservedly respected throughout the county in which he lived for his industry



and his inoffensiveness. Thus far it has not been found possible to have the murder punished, and now the accomplices in this criminal conspiracy have followed up one murder by another. Saunders, the deputy marshal, was waylaid and killed while engaged in the discharge of his official duties, summoning witnesses before the federal court and arresting an offender against the election laws on the warrant of that court.

We are glad to see that the President and his advisers are alive to the gravity of the issue thus presented to the national Government. If a government has one duty more clear than another it is the protection of its own officials in the discharge of their duties. Mr. Saunders took his oath to render just this service when called upon to do so, and it is the sharpest and clearest defiance of the national authority which has taken place in his murder.

At last the New Yorkers have managed to come to an understanding about the body of incorporators for the proposed World's Fair. It was very evident in the discussion over the list proposed by Mayor Grant that the Republican opposition was both large and determined. A number of Republicans inside the Legislature persisted in voting for the list as it stood, and Mr. Miller, Mr. Depew, and other Republicans on the Committee gave it their strong endorsement. The *Tribune* took its seat on the fence for a while, but at last stiffened into resistance to the list. So either Mr. Platt's additional members must be accepted or some other device must be found by way of a compromise. At last it was suggested by Mr. Depew that a rule requiring a vote of two-thirds of the incorporators on important questions would meet the difficulty, and this was agreed to with much acclamation, not excepting "cheers for Mr. Thomas C. Platt!"

To us it seems that peace between the parties has been purchased at a very high price. A body committed to requiring the assent of two-thirds of the members present to every important measure is very gravely handicapped for business. The dismal efforts of sundry Democratic National Conventions to nominate a candidate for the presidency is an instance of its possibilities. And this body of incorporators is one which should be able to act with promptness and decision, if it is going to be ready to open a World's Fair in 1892. Nor is its unanimity made the more probable by this preliminary political struggle, whose authors, including Mr. Platt, are of the body itself.

Meantime the House of Representatives has brought its procedure nearly to a conclusion. It adopted a resolution on Monday providing for debate of the subject on Thursday and Friday of the present week, and for a vote as to the place of the Fair, next Monday. The matter, therefore, is about to be settled, one way or another.

ONE objection made to the Prohibition policy is that its adoption is so generally due to the active support of the sex which can do the least to make it effective afterward. The women in Lathrop and the adjacent towns of Missouri seem to have resolved to show that they are as able in enforcing Local Option as in getting votes for it. Clinton county lies in the north-west of the State, not far from the Kansas line, and is one of the many counties which have adopted Local Option. But in Lathrop, Plattsburg, Converse, and other towns of the county the local officials have shown anything but zeal for the suppression of the liquor traffic. It is charged that by a private arrangement with the Mayor of Lathrop, all the liquor dealers paid a bribe of \$10 a month in consideration of being left alone. The sale of intoxicants at last resulted in a bloody fray between two drunken men, and the women of the town went on a crusade for its suppression. They broke into the "club-rooms" where liquor was dispensed, and seized the stock and poured it into the gutter. And the women of the adjacent towns have been so inspired by this example that it seems likely that there will be an imitation of it in various parts of the State.

There is not much that is novel in all this, but the element

of novelty is furnished by the determination of the county and town authorities to prosecute the "crusaders," and also those of the men of Lathrop who are charged with supporting them in the unlawful proceedings. As every one of these officials stands convicted at the bar of public opinion of having neglected to keep his oath to enforce the laws, and as that opinion is decidedly in favor of the crusaders, there will be a lively conflict, and perhaps not altogether with peaceable weapons. At any rate, the situation in the county shows that the difficulty in the way of suppressing the liquor traffic under Local Option is not entirely due to the ease with which drunkards can step across county limits for their supply.

It usually happens, when a first-class gerrymander is attempted in a State pretty evenly balanced, that the large number of districts on one side and the small number on the other entails the consequence that while the latter have large majorities, some of the former have very small ones, and the thin partitions thus set up are very apt to be broken through by the people at election time. In Ohio, one of the schemes considered by the Democrats, and adopted in a caucus at Columbus, Monday evening, known as "the Price plan," forms 15 supposedly Democratic districts and 6 Republican. But the majorities in the latter list are all large: they range from 2,500 up to 9,000; while the Democratic majorities there are only two as high as 3,000, one 2,600, six others under 2,000, two under 1,500, and three are about 1,000, (one not stated). This shows that at least five of the districts are good "fighting ground," and that with strong nominations and a good campaign, it might easily be that the Democrats would lose half of what they are counting on as sure.

It has been proposed to request the President to invite the Kingdom of Hawaii to send representatives to the Pan-American Congress. As this would be an innovation not contemplated when the other States accepted the invitation of the United States, and as the Congress must be well advanced, now, in the business for which it assembled, we presume the suggestion is unlikely to be adopted. But it involves, besides, some interesting considerations. It would enlarge the diplomatic conception of the word "American" in a way which might bring about the inclusion of other peoples in the Pacific Ocean than those of the Sandwich Islands. Of course the Monroe Doctrine warns off the European Powers from trying to "extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere,"—and not alone of this Continent. This seems to include the islands of the South Seas quite as much as the Spanish Republics, for whose protection against the Holy Alliance it was enunciated. But it has not been so understood, and we have stood by while England, France, and Germany have annexed group after group of independent islands. Would not the extension of the term America in some way commit us to a literal construction of President Monroe's words, and to a virtual protectorate over islands more remote than Hawaii? And are we ready for that?

On general principles it would be satisfactory to see the Sandwich Islands included in the Congress. We never have shared in the depreciatory estimates of their people which are generally current, and we think the better of them since the rise of the new National party, which has just carried the elections and means to keep the affairs of the country out of control of foreigners of all kinds. It is to be regretted that the missionaries, the only foreigners in the country who are not controlled by selfish motives, have not kept in touch with this feeling, and that there is reason to fear that the party is disposed to relapse into a modified paganism.

THERE is every reason to believe that the Tories have had warnings that they must take in sail during the present session of Parliament, or the session would be forced to a sudden end by a dissolution. Mr. Goschen has withdrawn his one-pound note proposal in deference to the demands of the bankers. The plan to

pay out of the public treasury the school-expenses of poor children has been dropped also, out of deference to the opposition of the Church clergy, who feared it would enable the Board Schools to swamp their parochial schools. The Irish educational grant for the benefit of the Roman Catholics has vanished like the grin of the Cheshire cat in "Alice in Wonderland." All signs seem to show that the Government expects stormy weather, and is not sure of its majority on some of the measures to which it has been obliged to commit itself, and this most probably applies to the proposal to advance a great sum for the purchase of Irish lands.

Thus far the session has been occupied with criticism on points where the Government and its majority are in entire agreement, so most of the votes have been as usual. The Liberals and Home Rulers have been talking to out-of-doors as yet, and with a view to the creation of opinion. The real business of the session never begins until the vote on the reply to the Queen's speech has been taken, and that formality is out of the way.

#### FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NEW YORK.

"WHEN in doubt, sell St. Paul." This used to be one of the popular sayings on the Stock Exchange. It represented the prevalent bearish feeling on that property, and the popularity of St. Paul as a trading stock. No matter at what price one bought or sold it, it seemed that the stock would come round again to that price some time in the year. If there was to be a bull movement in the granger stocks, St. Paul led it; if a bear movement, St. Paul was equally handy for leading that. At last St. Paul gave the street a genuine surprise of a new kind; it got into the hands of a syndicate of home and foreign bankers, and refused to be worked up and down, except within narrow limits, with an increasing tendency to dullness. Furthermore it has been stubbornly held up, while now a non-dividend paying stock, at prices higher than the street has in former times seen it selling for weeks together when it was paying six per cent. dividends. There is no doing anything with a stock when it gets into the hands of men strong enough to take care of it, and who are content to wait for the future development of the property. The traders soon find out how the land lies, and drift off to some other stock which, by changes in the conditions of the property, can be bought and sold in large quantities without much change of price. This is the essential requirement of an active trading stock. At one time Erie used to be the ready currency of the Stock Exchange, but it went into the hands of a clique headed by D. O. Mills, and though they have long since got out, (it was understood at a heavy loss), yet the stock has never recovered the place it held. Reading has taken it. Reading has three markets, London, New York, and Philadelphia, and thousands of shares can be dealt in almost any day without much change in its price, so that the stock is now the representative trading stock among the eastern properties. In the group of westerns, the place formerly held by St. Paul is being taken by Rock Island.

Rock Island used to pay seven per cent., then it came down to six, to five, and now four per cent. When it paid seven there was no large western stock more closely held than that was. The first large block which came upon the market was William H. Vanderbilt's. He sold it when he quarreled with the Rock Island managers. The quarrel started when that system of hostile extension which the western managers went into had reached a stage where the interests of the Northwest and the Rock Island road came into collision. Mr. Vanderbilt was the largest single stockholder in Rock Island, but the amount of his interest there was small as compared with what it was in the Northwest. When, therefore, he found that he must choose between the two, he sold his Rock Island stock. Since that time the quantity of stock afloat in the street has been increasing, the successive reductions of dividends bringing more and more of it out of the boxes of the old time investors. The total of stock outstanding is \$46,000,000. It would be useless to guess how much is now in brokers' offices, but it must be quite large, and the dealings in the stock this week have been on a scale which threw all others in the shade, except, perhaps, Sugar stock. That is never allowed to be inactive at any price. The bears say that the officers of the Rock Island Company have been selling out. Somebody has been selling, that is quite sure, by the way the price was cut down. The bears sold, too, and oversold as usual, as was shown by the large borrowing demand and the occasional sharp rallies. The street was filled with stories that Rock Island would be another Atchison, just as there used to be stories whenever a particularly severe raid was made on St.

Paul, that it would go into a receiver's hands before next interest day. The stories about Rock Island have, probably, as much truth.

It is unfortunate that the managers of this road have always refused to publish its earnings except in the annual report. Information furnished once a year, and then some months old, is not the sort of thing the public ask for now. It made little difference when the stock was so closely held that transactions in it were few, but now that so large a proportion of the shares are afloat the case is different. There is no way of finding out what the earnings have been lately, or whether there is anything in the circumstances of the property to cause the recent selling of the stock. President Cable talks only one way. He insists that the road is doing well, that it is earning more than the dividend it is paying, and he claims that the western extensions have so increased their business that they will earn their own interest charges this year. If they do, it is all that the most sanguine could expect, for new extensions into new territory are usually a burden on the parent line for many years after they are built. Of course the general situation among the granger roads has had much to do with the selling of Rock Island. This was not the only stock attacked, though it was the principal one. Northwest, C. B. & Q., and St. Paul were all more or less hammered, and all suffered. The news of the rate reductions ordered was used to work as much demoralization in the market as possible; but it would appear that these reductions are on west-bound business only from Chicago, and west-bound business is rather light at this season. Some of the railroad men say that the effect on earnings will be very small, and that the reports are much exaggerated anyway. It is the east-bound movement which is the heavy one, and if the reduced rates ordered will fill the returning cars better it will be something gained.

The trunk lines refuse, as they have always done, to take any part in the fight. They refuse to quote rates west-bound beyond Chicago. The more rates are reduced beyond that point the better for them, as it stimulates business, upon which they get their full proportion of the through rate. All these eastern roads are doing remarkably well. The Lake Shore must be coining money. It could probably pay seven per cent. on its stock as easily as it pays five. The balance is put into the permanent improvement of the property. It has no construction account, and put a very large sum last year into improvements which nearly every other road charges to capital account. The three C's road and the Chesapeake are also doing well, though one would not suppose they were by the way their stocks act in the market. The bears have mauled them badly. Wall street was feeling blue over the general prospect at the close of last week, and the style in which stocks went off under the raiding during the past week fully justified the prophetic feeling. The rallies were the result of over-selling. The state of the money market caused apprehension. The bank reserves usually run down towards the 1st of April, and they are so small now that a big operator could easily effect a squeeze by locking up money. The Government bond purchases may give some relief.

#### THE REPORT OF THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

CAN the reputation of the English bench for "fairness" survive the report made by Judges Hannen, Day, and Smith in the Parnell case? That reputation is one of the most precious possessions of the English nation. It was the achievement of a long series of judges, beginning with Sir Thomas More and Sir Matthew Hale, and continued by Lord Mansfield and men like-minded, in spite of the outrageous exceptions furnished by Jeffreys and Eldon. It has been the boast of Englishmen that the most unpopular and most despised person in the realm had equal security for his rights with the highest and most honored. But in dealing with Irishmen and with Irish questions the English appear to think themselves exempted from obedience to the traditional guarantees of personal and of social rights. This very case illustrates that. A member of Parliament is charged in the *Times* with the authorship of incriminating letters, whose authorship would have justified the House in expelling him from its membership. He rises in his place in the House at the earliest opportunity and denies the authorship of those letters one by one and in the most categorical manner. What follows? Does the House summon the offending editor to the Bar as having outraged the privileges of the House? Does the editor hasten to express his profound regret for having been misled into ascribing to the Honorable Member what he never wrote? None of these things.



The *Times* reiterates its belief in the genuineness of the letters, and the Prime Minister, in a public speech, more than hints his belief that the *Times* has the best grounds for its course.

Then an investigation is demanded. The judges to make it are selected by the leader of the House of Commons after a private conference with the offending journal. The chief legal adviser of the Government, himself a member of the Cabinet, accepts the retainer of the newspaper. The archives and the agents of the Government are placed at the disposal of that side, and one most valuable and important spy on Irish-American proceedings is sacrificed so far as any further proceedings from him are concerned in order to strengthen the *Times's* case. But on the main point it breaks down utterly, the letters on which it was based being proven to be forgeries beyond a cavil. It comes out that they were accepted with an eagerness and an indifference to proofs which nothing but partisan acrimony against Mr. Parnell and his cause could account for. It is shown that there is not a public man in England whose good name would be worth anything if English newspapers were free to treat them as the *Times* has treated Mr. Parnell. But not a public man in England is afraid of any such treatment. He knows that his personal denial of the authorship of any document would be final for any newspaper claiming responsibility and respectability. It is only Irishmen who can be treated after this rough fashion.

The judges selected by Mr. Smith, after conference with "my old friend, Mr. Walter," make their report. From its beginning to its end there is not a word of censure for the course taken by the *Times*. At every point where the evidence permitted of it, there is censure for Mr. Parnell and his associates. Where the evidence did not permit of this, the facts are distorted to make it possible. Thus Mr. Parnell's supposed admission that he told the House of Commons that secret societies had disappeared out of Ireland, is quoted as though actually made, although a day later he showed from Hansard's reports that he had not said that. And where a conflict of testimony arises between Mr. Parnell and the Irish-American spy, the Judges pronounce that they will sooner believe Major Le Caron than Mr. Parnell! Where the charges against Mr. Parnell have broken down utterly, these English Judges bring in a Scotch version of "Not Proven," instead of dismissing the charges on the supposition of the innocence of the accused, in accordance with the immemorial usage of English law. Hereafter accused persons who appear before any of these three judges may have reason to fear that they will be required to prove their innocence, and even to undertake the still larger task of proving a negative to all the charges presented, before they can obtain an acquittal. And this is what the *Times* calls proceeding in exact accordance with the rules governing the reception of evidence!

From first to last the decision is a see-saw between acquittal of all the positive and concrete charges brought by the *Times*, and a condemnation on all the broader and vaguer charges which have been current against the Irish Leagues from their beginning. And at last the judges pronounce the Home Rule party almost in a lump guilty of "criminal conspiracy" to injure the Irish landlords as a class, to impoverish and terrorize them, and to drive them from the country. We should like to see Judge Hanuén and his two associates try that issue, and to define how a class can be in law the object of a criminal conspiracy. They would have to begin by showing the prosecution how to do what Burke pronounced impossible,—to draft an indictment against a whole nation.

It is hinted by Sir Richard Webster, who took the *Times's* retainer while holding a seat in the Cabinet, that there may be a prosecution of Mr. Parnell and his friends on the grounds furnished by the Report. Something of the sort is needed to break the force of its concessions and to sharpen the point of its incriminations. And he would be an excellent man to conduct the prosecution. But it would have to be taken before the Irish Chief-Justice, who earned the name of Pether the Packer by his service

in manipulating panels before this Government raised him to the highest judicial office it could bestow upon him.

#### WHISKEY TAX AND ROAD REFORM.

A LOCAL journal of Pennsylvania, the *Recorder*, of Conshohocken, prints the following paragraph:

"The *Germanstown Telegraph* suggests that the United States repeal its Internal Revenue law and that the States put a tax on whiskey, the tax to be used in maintaining the roads of the State. This is a very good suggestion. The tax will remain the same, but instead of going into the overflowing treasury of the national government will be used to have repaired the miserable roads of the country."

Yes; it is a very good suggestion, in substance, but unfortunately not practicable in exactly the shape here presented. There are forty-two States, and no uniformity of taxation can be secured in the whole forty-two. The United States tax "on whiskey" is chiefly a tax on its production by the distilleries. If one State made its taxation on distillation lower than others, the process would locate there; if higher, it would be driven out. The uniformity of the tax is essential to any successful scheme of this sort.

The fact is,—and we suggest it pointedly to the people of Pennsylvania for their consideration,—that the people of the United States are asked to throw away a very important and very proper source of revenue, at a time when the returns from other sources are confessedly insufficient for the public needs. The tax on distilled spirits is an eminently fit one. Presuming that spirits are to be distilled at all, it is proper they should bear such a burden. But because the United States treasury has enough income without this, it is proposed to take it off. Meanwhile the communities that suffer with bad roads are casting about for money with which to improve them. Did it never occur to those considering this subject that the United States should continue its internal revenue taxation on spirits, and that the proceeds should be paid over to the States? This would be a simple process. It would require no new machinery, few if any new officials, and very little new legislation. It would give to the States, say, fifty millions of dollars a year,—a sum great enough to put road reform far on its way toward success. Pennsylvania would get,—presuming the payments to be made in proportion to population,—not less than a twelfth part of this sum, or over four millions annually.

It is very plausibly suggested that the duty of the State, in this proposed reform of road construction, will particularly be to improve,—widen, straighten, grade, macadamize, and maintain,—the great highways which connect distant places,—those crossing county lines, and forming the main arteries of wagon use. Suppose, then, that Pennsylvania had such a sum as is here proposed,—suppose that she had half of it,—how splendid a work could be promptly done! The great highways that have fallen into neglect since the railroads have been constructed could be redeemed from their present wretched, almost intolerable condition. Their use would become easy, comfortable, and economical. The whole State, and all the other States in like manner, would be lifted out of the mud and set on a smooth, dry, and pleasant road.

But we merely make this suggestion. THE AMERICAN, for several years, has endeavored as opportunity presented to show the folly of throwing away the revenue from spirits, while revenue was so much needed for many purposes. We have tried to convince the public that the people of the United States were the identically same persons as the people of the several States, and that if they threw away the money of one pocket, (the National treasury), while they were scraping painfully to get enough in their other pocket, (the State treasuries), they must be a queer set. But we cannot say that THE AMERICAN has made much progress in this matter. The scruples of doctrinaires have apparently been more effective than the common-sense of the public. According to the former, the revenues collected into the treasury at Washington must be used for Federal purposes only, and if they are in excess for those purposes, they must be cut off, no matter how in-

adequate the States may find the revenues from the taxes which, under the Constitution, they are permitted to lay. It is, to our mind, a narrow, technical, ridiculous notion. But so far it has prevailed. If the advocates of road reform want the State to give its help in this matter,—and, from their discussions, we understand they do,—suppose they take the subject under consideration.

#### CANADIAN AMERICANS.

THAT great political changes are possible in Canada is evident: methinks, as THE AMERICAN notes, the lady doth protest too much,—it is evident changes may come, when the press in Canada can never let the question of their possibility alone.

Still one must not be deceived. The desire for "annexation,"—the expression of that desire, anyway,—is stronger on the southern side of the border; and the consciousness of that fact excites on the northern side the desire to refute. However, there is in Canada itself a willingness to agree to annexation where there is no expression of desire for it; and further, there is at least willingness for independence, if not unexpressed desire. So the refutations by "Imperial" newspapers are refutations not only of annexationists abroad, but of annexationists and nationalists at home. For instance, the "loyalty" resolutions in the Ottawa Parliament were met by a protest from a Toronto liberal club, which declared the House would be better employed in striving to give expression to the growing national spirit. The mutual feelings of the two countries are therefore of special interest now; and their mutual glances should be intelligent, whatever their future relations be. "It is always of use," as Burke says, "to know the true temper of the time and country one lives in."

The intelligent Bostonian who declared that Canada had not the same tariff against England as against the rest of the world; that offices in Canada were sometimes held as hereditary property; that Canadians could be compelled to serve in the British army, if England or the Empire were in danger,—this gentleman has to learn that he has declared things not true; and plainly he was not in a state of mind to appreciate the true circumstances of this international question. He had not realized the vigor, the self-reliance, the individualism, in a word the specially American characteristics, of good and bad mixed, which are a note of Canada. And this leads to the other people who need to particularize Burke's general statement. Canadian Americans must open their eyes and see how American they are. Europeans, of course, landing first in America are struck by new ways of life: let them know something of American existence on both sides of the border, and they are instantly struck by the fact that wherein Canada differs from Europe it is American, and wherein any State of the Union differs from Europe it is as Canada differs. In language this is true, in tendencies in language, in education, in society, in non-Vanity Fair sense, in politics, and in religion.

Speaking generally, that must be admitted, though an American Anglican dignitary refuse to discuss notes of America *vs.* Europe,—*"nice people are the same everywhere," i. e., we are all English,*—or though Ottawa "society" reject a mayor engaged in trade. Would any one knowing Canada think that last occurrence represented there anything more real than on the other side of the border is represented by the ravings of some poor lunatic who calls himself King of the United States?

But there is among real flesh and blood Canadians an unwillingness to see or a hesitation in confessing how essentially American their country is. May not this weakness be partly justified by the attitude too often taken by their large neighbors? You see if Canadians are conscious of being American, they are also conscious of a vigor and self-reliance, of a hope of the growing national spirit already spoken of, which may never be able to express itself in an independent Canada, but which is hurt by the good humored insolence of "what are you? A colony has these notions! If you are Americans, join the only true American country." As with some of our no-Popery friends who are angry with modern Catholics for not wanting to persecute: "If you do not want to persecute, why not join us tolerant Protestants?" Such treatment of men, including Canadians and Catholics, may be logical, but it is exasperating; in its effect, it does no good.

Canadian Americans must indeed open their eyes. They get into all sorts of false positions by refusing. They fatally injure their self-respect by pretense of not being what they are; and they get themselves to admire just what is not admirable in the "old country," never daring to be reformers with ideas, and in return justly getting from the old country a sort of contempt.

Still, once again why, by exasperating them, prevent one's neighbors being honest?

As to the details of the likeness between the two parts of this one people under two governments, where can one begin, and where end? Has the English-speaking man arriving from Europe

to find only on one side of the border the old words, or the words with the old meanings, such as *guess, nice, freshet, chores, shump*, (in Bishop Barrow), *bug, barn, day, homely*, and plenty more? And as for the new coined-for-the-moment expressions, is he not astounded at finding them "in the air" as one might say, from Nova Scotia to California? If the intelligent foreigner is intelligent, will he not see a likeness of mind here? So, too, in the desire for abbreviations, and in the close vowels? Is not the village life of New England the village life of the Maritime Provinces, differing no more than on the other side New England does from Pennsylvania? Will not the Englishman have to find a new meaning for "public school," one and the same meaning to whichever of those places he gets to? And what does "public school" in America mean,—with its difficulties, with its mixtures of good and bad,—rather what does it not mean, in its absolute suppression in the minds of the population of the very instincts which make Europeans, and especially English classes, what they are?

The inter-collegiate societies and games, the college papers, what difficulty is found in exchanging across the border? What difficulties of ideas, aims, tastes, and habits would not be found in thus fraternizing with any European bodies? Common land, common work to hand, common climate—you cannot get rid of their effects; and geography is too strong for blind theorizing.

In the Protestant religious world of the past week here are two "American" incidents. In a Canadian diocese, with consent of High Church bishop, a High Church divine is received into his new parish by the "ministers of other Churches" assembled in public meeting with the parishioners. And in Boston, an Episcopalian clergyman joins with a Unitarian at a service in memory of the poet Browning. Is there any bishop of the other part of the Anglican Church across the water but would protest? Though in full "communion," we are "Americanized."

For good or for bad, as we may feel or think. But "facts are what they are, and their consequences will be what they will be, why then should we wish to be deceived?" "It is always of use to know the true temper of the time and country one lives in."

W. F. STOCKLEY.

Fredericton, N. B.

#### "IK MARVEL'S" BOOKS.

THREE and forty years ago,—when everybody was reading Herman Melville's "Omoo,"—a little book of travel sketches called "Fresh Gleanings" was offered to the public by an anonymous author. Little did the latter, or any one else, imagine that the *nom de plume* on the title-page of this volume was destined to become a household word throughout the English speaking world. The clever author of "Typee" and "Omoo" was at that time rapidly approaching the height of his popularity. His first book had been an instantaneous success and his name was on the lips of the reading public on both sides of the Atlantic. No doubt his second volume of description of life in the South Seas was eagerly bought and read by thousands who had given themselves up to the fascinations of "Typee." How, then, could the unknown masquerader, "Ik Marvel," expect his modest "Fresh Gleanings" to attract attention? Indeed I am not sure that it did make much of a stir, inasmuch as the encyclopædia which I have consulted on the subject devotes a couple of hundred words to Melville and makes no mention of the author of "Reveries of a Bachelor." However this may have been, there can no longer be any doubt as to the respective merits of the two authors. Who reads Melville to-day? Who is not reading or has not read "Ik Marvel"?

"Fresh Gleanings," (1847), was followed by "The Battle Summer,"—a sort of journal of life in Paris in 1848,—dated 1849, and this, a year later, by two works; one, "The Lorgnette," a book of American city-sketches, originally published anonymously in pamphlet form, and afterwards collected into two volumes, and the other, the famous "Reveries of a Bachelor"; which had been expanded to almost its present form from an essay in the first number of *Harper's Magazine*, and published to divert the attention of the public from too close an examination into the authorship of "The Lorgnette";—the young writer thinking that the great dissimilarity of the two works would throw his inquisitive readers off the track. The three earlier books have pretty generally disappeared from the shelves of book-stores, though now and then an odd volume of "The Lorgnette" will turn up at a book-stall, its leaves hanging at all angles and its battered cover disfigured by the labels of some defunct circulating library.

Such appearances, however are somewhat rare; and if the collector does not take immediate advantage of them, the chances are slight that he will very soon have another opportunity of securing the prize. As for the "Reveries," there is a copy of the eighteenth edition lying at my elbow, and its date is 1852. Eighteen editions in two years is pretty good for a work published at a time when, notwithstanding Melville's transatlantic success,



that British query, "Who reads an American book?" was still supposed to be unanswerable. Of course, Irving and other American authors had long been popular in England, and the names of Herman Melville and Donald G. Mitchell are brought together in this manner simply because they were contemporaries; the former having been born in 1819, and the latter in 1822.

The reason for the continued popularity of "The Reveries of a Bachelor" is that it deals solely with subjects of perennial freshness. No matter if you have read it a dozen times; take it down from its place on the shelf, draw your easy-chair to fireplace or window, and, presto, you are in Dreamland. The old charm never fails. You watch the blaze licking the logs of oak and hickory, or playing, a lambent phantom of combustion, over the surface of the anthracite or sea-coal, and all the while your imagination revels in a succession of pictures, exquisitely painted, and each one stirring some depth of the heart by its beauty of sentiment or tenderness of feeling. Its author has called it "A Book of the Heart;" and as long as there are human hearts to beat, so long will "Reveries of a Bachelor" be read and loved.

"Dream Life," a book second in interest only to its predecessor, appeared in 1851, and has very nearly equalled it as a popular success. Edition after edition of both have been sold, and the end is not yet. From 1851 to 1863 exclusive, my list of first editions shows but one entry: "Fudge Doings," 1855, a humorous work in two volumes. In 1863, however, the long silence was broken by the appearance of "My Farm at Edgewood," a very different sort book from its forerunners, yet showing here and there among its shrewd practicalities, traces of the same delicate fancy and keen insight which mark his more popular books. In 1865 "Wet Days at Edgewood" was published, and the writer holds a copy of the beautifully printed first edition in his hand as he pens these words. In it there are no "Darley" frontispieces; neither is its back stamped with leaf-designs in gilt, as is the case with some of the earlier volumes. A daintily rubricated title-page is its only ornament, and the only one that it needs. "Wet Days at Edgewood: with Old Farmers, Old Gardeners, and Old Pastors." By the author of "My Farm at Edgewood." New York: Charles Scribner, 1865. What more could be desired either in subject, author, or publisher? From Hesiod and Theocritus to Sir Humphrey Davy and Keats! Is it to be wondered at that now, at sixty-eight years of age, Mr. Mitchell has gone back to those rare and delightful books of his, and given us some fresh glimpses at their contents. For "English Lands, Letters, and Kings" bears a closer resemblance to "Wet Days at Edgewood" than to any of its author's other works.

The following extract from "Wet Days at Edgewood" has a peculiar interest on account of its association with the title of Browning's last volume. It is taken from a brief essay called "Among the Italians." "In his 'Asolani' Bembo gives a very full and minute description of the gardens at Asolo, which relieved the royal retirement of Caterina, the Queen of Cyprus. Nothing could be more admirable than the situation: there were skirts of mountains which were covered, and are still covered, with oaks; there were grottos in the sides of cliffs, and water so disposed—in jets, in pools enclosed by marble, and among rocks—as to counterfeited all the wildness of Nature; there was the same stately array of cypresses, and of clipped hedges, which had belonged to the villas of Pliny; temples were decorated with blazing frescoes, to which, I dare say, Carpaccio may have lent a hand, if not that wild rake, Giorgione. Here the pretty Queen, with eight thousand gold ducats a year, (whatever that amount may have been), and some seventy odd retainers, held her court; and here Bembo, a dashing young fellow at that time of seven or eight and twenty, became a party to those disquisitions on Love, and to those recitations of song, part of which he has recorded in the Asolani. I am sorry to say, the beauty of the place, so far as regards its artificial features, is now all gone. The hall, which may have served as the presence-chamber of the Queen, was only a few years since doing service as a farmer's barn; and the traces of a Diana and an Apollo were still coloring the wall under which a few cows were crunching clover-hay."

The foregoing had been in writing for a quarter of a century when "R. B." dated his dedication to Mrs. Arthur Bronson, "Asolo: October 15, 1889."

"Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic," which contains the touching "Petit Soulier," appeared in 1864; and I find the "fourth story," "The Bride of the Ice King," in "The Atlantic Souvenir" for 1859; and in the same volume a portrait of Mr. Mitchell as he appeared some thirty odd years ago. "The Atlantic Souvenir" is "a compilation of several of the contributors to the Knickerbocker Gallery, a work intended as a graceful and appropriate tribute to the editor of the Knickerbocker Magazine (Louis Gaylord Clark) by his friends and correspondents." Besides

<sup>1</sup>ENGLISH LANDS, LETTERS, AND KINGS, FROM CRET TO TUDOR. By Donald G. Mitchell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1889.

that of Mr. Mitchell, it contains fine steel-engraved portraits of Bryant, Irving, Holmes, Bayard Taylor, F. W. Shelton, Theo. S. Fay, F. S. Cozzens, Halleck, Prentice, Longfellow, and Saxe; and its list of contributors includes, besides those just mentioned, the names of some twenty other writers of almost equal renown. In the fine old volume before me, "The Bride of the Ice King" has been given first place. "Dr. Johns," Mr. Mitchell's only novel, and an excellent one, was published in 1866, and reprinted with his collected works in 1883. In 1867 "Rural Studies" was published; the 1883 re-issue being entitled "Out of Town Places." In it the author follows the lines laid down in his more practical works. After "Rural Studies" the author of "Dream Life" permitted eleven years to elapse before he published another book; at the end of which period, in 1877, a volume entitled "About Old Story Tellers," appeared. Seven more years passed by before another book, "Bound Together," was given to the public in 1884, though in '83 "The Woodbridge Record," a genealogical work of 271 pages 4to, was privately printed. We now come to Mr. Mitchell's last book, published late in 1889, and already mentioned as bearing the title "English Lands, Letters, and Kings." It would be difficult to say too much in praise of so entirely charming a book as has been given us in these delightfully rambling, gossipy essays, in which many of the old authors are described with such,—I was about to say 'marvel'ous—clearness and exactness that one almost imagines that a succession of daintily-tinted portraits are interleaved amid the text. I can recall no book that gives such definite and life-like descriptions of faces. One actually sees the features of the persons described. The literary finish of the book is of the highest order, and the style is a model of its kind. It is as clear as spring water, and as musical and sweet; and the author's knack of describing separately and afterwards bringing together and grouping his historic personages fixes them upon the memory in the happiest possible manner. The second volume of this book will be looked forward to with unusual interest.

Although there are scores of the most invitingly quotable passages in this volume, the description of Chaucer must suffice as an excerpt. "... he was what we call a dapper man; well-fed, for he loved always the good things of life—not drinkless altogether, as I guess; nor yet is it a bluff English face; no beefiness; regular features—almost feminine in fineness of contour—with light beard upon upper lip and chin; smooth cheeks; lips full (rosy red, they say, in the painting); eye that is keen, and with a sparkle of humor in it; hands decorously kept; one holding a rosary, the other pointing—and pointing as men point who see what they point at, and make others see it, too; his hood, which seems a part of his woolen dress, is picturesquely drawn about his head, revealing only a streak of hair over his temple; you see it is one who studies picturesqueness even in costume, and to the training of his beard into a forked shape;—no lint on his robe—you may be sure of that;—no carelessness anywhere: dainty, delicate, studious of effects, but with mirth and good nature shimmering over his face. Yet no vagueness or shakiness of purpose show their weak lines; and in his jaw there is a certain staying power that kept him firm and active and made him pile book upon book in the new, sweet English tongue, which out of the dialects of Essex and of the East of England he had compounded, ordered, and perfected, and made the pride of every man born to the inheritance of that Island speech."

CHARLES HENRY LUDERS.

#### CONCERNING CATS.

ONE who has a prejudice against cats, and does not want to be convinced against his will, had better not take up this book by Mr. Harrison Weir, the originator of the famous cat shows at the Crystal Palace, London.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Weir is certainly an enthusiast on his subject, and gives us no little information about the different kinds of cats, Angora, Persian, Manx, royal cats of Siam,—so exceedingly rare,—short-haired, long-haired, tortoise-shell or Calimanco cats, tabby cats, chocolate, chestnut, gray, brown, black, blue, red, and white. One has no idea of the different colors of the eyes of cats till informed upon them by Mr. Weir. White cats have generally blue eyes, and are usually deaf. Then there are eyes of opal and emerald tints, yellow, and golden, and orange. At 12 o'clock, noon, the pupil of a cat's eye is nothing but a thin, hair-like line; after that time it dilates, so that by noticing the size and shape of the pupil one can be independent in a measure of clocks and watches.

Mr. Weir bespeaks our sympathy for poor Puss, by commenting on her excellent qualities, her keen intelligence, her powers of observation, putting two and two together, her beauty, her usefulness, and her affectionate disposition. He collects all the legends, proverbs, and superstitions about cats; their place in

<sup>1</sup>OUR CATS, AND ALL ABOUT THEM. By Harrison Weir. 12mo. \$2.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

nursery rhymes,—Puss in Boots, Whittington's Cat, and the cat of musical proclivities; the cats in poetry,—Shakespeare has no less than forty-four allusions to them; Cowper and Gray wrote poems about them; and there is that famous sonnet of Tasso's, in which, through the pressure of poverty, he prays his cat to lend him the lustre of her eyes to light him while he writes.

Cats were worshipped by the ancient Egyptians, wherefore Cambyses took advantage of this fact, and at Pelusium set a great number of the sacred animals in the forefront of his army, knowing that the Egyptians would suffer themselves to be defeated rather than direct their missiles against them. Pasht was the cat-headed goddess, whence some one has learnedly deduced the etymology—Pasht, pas, pus, puss. By the way, the Egyptian word for cat was the onomatopoeic *mau*, as Miss Edwards points out in speaking of the discovery of the cat cemetery at Bubastis.

Pussy has been the pet and favorite of some of the greatest personages. Mohammed chose rather to cut off the sleeve of his robe than to disturb a cat lying asleep upon it, and his followers, who have no more oburgatory term than dog for the Christians, admit it into their mosques. Dante and Petrarch each had a fondness for it, the great Richelieu had a pet cat, and Cardinal Wolsey placed his near him on a chair while exercising his judicial capacity; the learned Sir Isaac Newton had a pet cat and kitten, and the worthy philosopher, for their convenience had two holes cut in the door, the larger one for the cat, the other for the kitten. Montaigne, too, was not too witty nor too cynical, but that the frolics of his cat would amuse him. To come down to later days, Ellen Terry loves to disport herself with her cats and to amuse herself with their mad capers. La Belle Stewart, satirized by Pope in the line, "Die and endow a college or a cat," was a famous beauty of the reign of Charles II., who left annuities to several of her friends on condition of maintaining and caring for her cats—a delicate way of providing for some impecunious old ladies.

There are a few violations of the rules laid down by Lindley Murray, and a few awkwardly turned sentences, but they may be condoned in view of the entertainment afforded us, and they are not beyond correction in another edition.

M. L.

#### THE DUC DE NOAILLES.

THE following translation of a letter from the author of "A Hundred Years of the Republic in the United States," may be of interest, as showing the author's appreciation of a notice of that work in *THE AMERICAN*, and his purpose in its preparation:

"I thank you for your kind notice of my book, and for your grateful mention of the ties that bind my family to your country and its glorious history. If I have insisted on pointing out certain weak points in the men and things, and some faults in the government of the United States, it was not, I assure you, from any spirit of ill-will or fault-finding, but solely to warn my own countrymen against the illusions and declarations by which they are thought to be too much influenced. They are too fond of putting their faith in purely abstract ideas and formulas, which are far from sufficing for a practical solution of difficult political and social problems. I wanted to show by the example of your own triumphant America, how much you needed and still need, of good sense, of judgment to know what to do, and of discipline, to escape with honor from the complications and perils which every great nation finds in its path.

"I have used authorities and gathered information from two sources: first, the American classical writings, accepted as such by all, but already largely antiquated; next, recent works by accredited authors, dealing with the actual condition of affairs and taking an active part in their discussion. To keep abreast of the modern spirit, to reproduce faithfully the contemporary movement in American ideas and facts, to avoid merely philosophical speculation, it was necessary to carry the reader into the somewhat confused war of the debates and interests of the day, and to try to throw some light on them. Perhaps I may claim the honor of being among the first to mark and emphasize the thoroughly conservative spirit of the American people. Still it is from the point of view of a Frenchman that I have carried on my long and conscientious task, for the benefit of my own country, which will meet many perils in sailing through the great democratic ocean on which it is now launched. I have no idea of instructing Americans about America, for they know it thoroughly and are perfect masters of its working government. You have seen that in my concluding observations, with all allowances made, I believe firmly in the present condition of affairs in America as ensuring in the future the definitive success of the United States, and the magnificent and striking prosperity which has not yet reached its culmination."

THE AMERICAN was among the first of the journals of this country to call attention to the publication of several articles by the Duc de Noailles in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, and its Paris correspondent gave a summary of the work when it was published, while one of our own contributors supplied the review of the book which led to the foregoing acknowledgment to the editor. It is gratifying to find that the author accepts the criticism of his work and justifies his methods by his patriotic desire to benefit his countrymen. The Duc de Noailles has followed the capital example of his great countrymen, de Tocqueville and Laboulaye, in making a careful study of the United States, both in its theory of govern-

ment and in its practical working, to guide France in solving the great problems that accompany its conversion from a constitutional monarchy to a democratic republic. His book is a broad and exhaustive discussion of many questions that have been solved here, but are yet open in France. Other French authors, notably M. Boutiny, in Paris, and M. Louis Vossion, the French Consul in this city, have recently published their studies of the Constitution of the United States, furnishing their countrymen with its text and their notes and comments in explanation, but the Duc de Noailles has gone beyond the great charter of our government, and has endeavored to show how government and people act and react on one another, and how much each is influenced by and exerts an influence on the other, quite beyond the anticipation of those who framed that instrument and those who have added to its provisions.

#### A BAY-SIDE OUTING.

A COOL, gray mist overspread the wide reach of meadows, and shut from view the still wider reach of water beyond. The clouds were sullen, and with each gusty sweep of sharp east wind, were dashes of chilling rain. The outlook was dismal; the more so that my companions and myself had journeyed scores of miles to reach the Pleasantville meadows. Perhaps the village itself was pleasant, but now its suburbs were forbidding. Let me misquote Euripides:

"What the morning is to be  
Human wisdom never learns."

So it proved: the east wind was soon tempered to three shorn lambs, the sun peeped out upon us from time to time, and long before noon, nature was smiling and contentment reigned.

That which most impressed me as I neared the water was the painful silence that prevailed over all the scene. Not a sound save that of one's own footsteps was to be heard. The impression of an absolutely deserted country; of a region that had been swept by a pestilence fatal even to insect life, took strong hold of me; but only for a moment. Presently, up from the tufts of tall grass rose, on every side, whistling meadow-larks, filling the air at once with sweet sounds. How my heart leapt, my cheeks tingled! With what eagerness I strove to catch their every note, for dear to me now as, when a boy the world daily opened up a new scene of delights, is that old, ever-new refrain of the meadow-lark—I see you—you can't see me.

But I did see them. To the few scattered, stunted trees they flew, and perching at the very tops, were sharply lined against the pale gray sky. Did I exert some subtle influence over them? Whether or not, they soon returned, and from hidden by-ways in the rank grass, sang again and again, to cheer me, while at work. For not as a rambler merely, but to labor diligently, had I come so far.

Separated from the bay by a narrow strip of meadow, rises a little hillock that tall weeds would have hidden. This was one of our objective points; the other was an adjoining sand-ridge. Over the former we proposed to search for whatsoever the Indians had left behind; into the latter, we proposed to dig, believing some of these people had been buried there: all this we did. The little hillock was a shell-heap, or "kitchen refuse-heap," as they are called by European archaeologists. Probably nothing tells so plainly the story of the past as do these great gatherings of burnt and broken shells. So recent was every fire-mark; so fresh the bits of charcoal; so sharp the fragments of roasted shells, it would not have startled the relic-hunters had the Indians filed past on their way to the adjoining fishing grounds; and yet when critically examined, this particular spot had evidently been long deserted. Careful and long-protracted search failed to bring to view any trace of other than most primitive Indian handiwork. One patient searcher, in fact, had to content himself with a few flint flakes and the tiniest bits of rude pottery; while another hunter was more fortunate and drew from the side of a deep and narrow path a pretty quartz knife; and later, two slender, shapely arrow-heads were found.

A beggarly show perhaps, but what if our hands were not busy picking up relics; our fancies were up and doing. We had evidences and to spare that a primitive people had once dwelt here, and imagination supplied all deficiencies as to the matter of when and why, and of the manner of their simple lives. Such ever is the charm of an outing like this. One has to deal so continually with stern facts in every-day life, that fancy is the better company when out for a stroll. Nor need we deceive ourselves. A bit of burnt clay in hand means the primitive potter in the near fore-ground. Given a single flake of stone and the knife, spear, arrow, and all their belongings are in the hands of men who stand out boldly before us. Fancy within bounds is the twin-sister of fact, but mischief brews when she over-steps the mark. An hour with potsherds is monotonous. One longs for some more shapely trace of human handiwork, but among heaps of broken and burnt



shells, these are not frequent. Herein the kitchen-middens of the New Jersey coast differ, as a rule, from the former village sites in the river valleys. It would appear that the Indian's life as a coast-dweller was simplicity itself. It meant the mere gathering of food from the shallow water. No contrivances were called for, so no specialized tools were left behind, and in their annual pilgrimages to the coast, the inland people either took but little with them, or were very careful to carry back everything they had brought. No wonder, then, we grow restive when a richer harvest is promised by the mere leaping of a fence. There, in a grassy field, it was reported Indians had been buried, and how exciting it is to know that a skeleton may be brought to light by the mere turning of the sod. It has been cruelly said that he who removes from the ground a recently buried body is a ghoul, but if we wait until the flesh has decayed, then the collector of dry bones becomes an archaeologist. It is not a fair statement; but whether true or not, we gave it no heed, but proceeded to dig. Scanning each spade-full of dirt for traces of bones, we soon found them and all was excitement. Little by little whole bones were exposed to view, and following these up with the greatest care, that first of prizes to an archaeologist, a skull, was secured. Later a second and a third were found. Our day was full. No, not quite full. We knew that often a bowl, trinkets, and a weapon or two were buried with the body, but nothing of the kind was found. It was a matter of dry bones only, unless we except the one instance where the upper shell of a large turtle rested on one of the skulls. This was a cap that would scarcely prove comfortable to a living person, although not without the merit of being quite water-proof.

The longest summer's day is all too short for such eventful outings; so little wonder that the early setting of the sun in February prompted our discontent. Who was ever satisfied in this world? He is a half-hearted rambler at best, that loves to quit such work; but the night came down upon us, nevertheless. Silence brooded over the broad meadows, and the larks that had cheered us until sunset, ceased to sing. Could there have been a happier combination? Meadow larks and Indian relics; aye, even the bones of the Indians themselves; to say nothing of a soft sea-breeze and a clear sky.

Laden with valued spoils we at last reluctantly drew near the village, and would that it had been wrapped in Egyptian darkness! How the aged villagers scowled at us as we passed by. The lame, the halt, the blind, all came hobbling to the front windows of their homes and hurled silent imprecations after us. What a sad ending to our happy day, and why, forsooth? In our innocent zeal, we had disturbed the bones of a few Indian fishermen, that for centuries had been resting in perfect peace. We, the irate villagers claimed, being in full possession of good health could withstand the fury of the outraged spirits of departed redskins, but not so the afflicted villagers. Every rheumatic crone averred that her pains had grown to agony since we broke the sod. Invisible arrows had whizzed by their ears, and more than one sufferer had been struck, as the red marks upon their persons proved. Vengeance had gone astray and sorely pressed the innocent; while the guilty walked without shame through the long village street. This was indeed adding insult to injury.

Speaking for myself, did I know the meaning of the word, "impatience," I should have been vexed. As it was, the day deserved to be recorded in red letters.

As a lover of quiet country strolls, I had been happy beyond measure, but the way of the archaeologist, it would seem, is beset with thorns.

CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

Trenton, New Jersey.

#### WEEKLY NOTES.

AS was anticipated, Princeton University has called Professor Woodrow Wilson from Wesleyan University to fill the chair vacated by the death of Prof. Alexander Johnson. President Patton's hope of being able to cut the professorship in two has not been accomplished, and the new professor, like his predecessor, has to undertake two fields of instruction just enough alike to make their mutual relations a constant source of embarrassment when they are both entrusted to the same teacher, and just enough apart to demand two very different types of mind to do them full justice. We presume, however, that Prof. Wilson will concentrate himself on Jurisprudence, and we understand that some arrangement has been made to have some teaching in Political Economy from an assistant.

The new professor has a great opportunity, if he will avoid his characteristic temptation to mistake side-eddies,—such as his plan of carrying our Cabinet into Congress,—for the main-stream of political thought and discussion. He has shown a good acquaintance with the political history of the civilized nations and a lively interest in their institutional development. He may found a school of comparative politics by working on that line, if

once he gets the bearings of the vital ideas which give shape to each.

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THE return of the Lenten season brings to mind the value of such a break in the routine of social life. In so far as Lent is considered as a period of fasting and humiliation, of penance and prayer, it has little significance outside of the membership of the three great religious bodies who regard its observance as mandatory; but viewed quite apart from its religious aspect, its sociological importance is undoubted, and the fact that that capricious tyrant known as "Fashion" has unequivocally seconded the commands of the Church in the matter of the observance of Lent, is proof that the institution fills a recognized need in the social world. Just as a weekly day of rest is admitted to be a necessity by those who care little for the institution of the Sabbath, so Lent is found to afford the required counterpoise to the tremendous pressure and swirl of that anomalous entity called "Society." People who do not believe in the setting apart of a particular period to acts of self-denial and self-examination, are nevertheless constrained by weariness of the flesh to pause in the pursuit of pleasure, and it is probable that, had no such fast ever occupied a place in the church calendar, the physical necessities of people living under the artificial laws of modern society would have induced the general observance of some similar period of quietude and repose.

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THE action of the Musical Union of New York in trying to prevent the landing in this country of Strauss's Vienna band is as illogical as it is illiberal. If the Vienna artists properly come under the head of "contract labor," then the members of the Musical Union are themselves only mechanics, whose lofty claims, hitherto widely vaunted, are without foundation and whose devotion to musical culture is measured solely in terms of dollars and cents. If, as has been hinted, the character of the music given by the Strauss organization is not of high educational value, there is still less reason why it should be feared as a competitor for the favor of those whose opinion is worth having. Moreover, it is said that a majority of the members of the Union are themselves foreigners who, having gotten in, are intent upon keeping others out. The Union should know that the law carefully distinguishes between "artists" and "skilled laborers," and the music-loving public should know in which category these gentlemen prefer to be classed.

\* \* \*

BOTH Mr. Charles Wyndham and the capable company by which he is supported appear to better advantage this week than they did last, a result due less to the merits of the respective pieces produced than to the adaptability of the parts to the peculiar quality of the actors. "David Garrick" is a play of unusual symmetry, and its pathos and humor are both of that delicate kind which demands the treatment of an actor susceptible to the nicest shades of feeling,—an actor, for instance, like the late E. A. Sothorn. In Mr. Wyndham's hands the character of Garrick loses something of the delicacy which is its strongest claim to individuality. Mr. Wyndham is essentially a comedian, and the members of his company are trained in the light and airy school to which he belongs. It is no discredit either to him or to them to say that a comedy whose motive tends to farce offers them a better field than one which shades off into tenderness and pathos. In "The Candidate," Mr. Justin McCarthy's comedy, presented during the current week, the opportunity is afforded for abundant merriment, and though the political situation upon which the plot turns,—the election to Parliament of a fiery Tory to represent an out-and-out Home-Rule constituency,—is one suited rather to an English than to an American audience, yet the general interest here in the Irish question is enough to render the fun sufficiently obvious. Mr. McCarthy's play is a rather liberal adaptation of Dumas's "*Le Député de Bombignac*," but it is not always as light as its French original.

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It is curious to observe the periodical recurrence of literary fads. Certain books and the authors of them remain comparatively unnoticed for years, when suddenly they loom into importance, are heralded in headlines and disseminated in many translations, and he who doesn't know all about them on a moment's notice is the object of cultured pity and the black sheep of the intellectual coteries and clubs. Such a book and such an author are "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" and M. Anatole France, and while it is too early to venture a prophecy, it is but kind to suggest to those who pride themselves upon being well up with the times, that now is the time to read biographical sketches of M. Anatole France and the very interesting chapters of "Sylvestre Bonnard."

This suggestion can be made with a clear conscience, seeing

how strong a piece of work, in many ways, the story is, and how excellent the translation of Mr. Lafcadio Hearn.

It is interesting to note that the Oxford University Dramatic Society has determined to produce Browning's "Strafford," in the current term, instead of Marlowe's "Jew of Malta," as originally intended. No doubt an effort will be made to render the play effectively,—a difficult matter, for "Strafford" is one of Browning's anomalies, a work full of great possibilities and characterized by a fine dramatic insight, yet spoiled for use through the author's inability or unwillingness to condense his thoughts and make his utterance compact. It is stated that Mr. Alma Tadema has undertaken to design the scenery for the Oxford production.

ARE we to be enslaved in this country, as other countries are, by high-sounding titles indicating the gradations of rank? The ecclesiastical titles seem to threaten us, especially. Here is a dispatch from Baltimore reporting the banquet of a Catholic Club, which states that "His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, His Grace the Archbishop of Philadelphia, several United States Senators, the Governor of Maryland," and other persons, were present. Of course, the first two gentlemen mentioned were Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ryan, and in reports for the general public it would be sufficient, no doubt, so to designate them. "Several United States Senators," by the way, is an expression which by contrast adds point to the case. It seems none of them were Graces even, to say nothing of Eminences.

#### PARIS NOTES.

PARIS, February 5.

THERE are people in France to-day who believe in the possibility of an alliance with Germany. A work on this subject by Colonel Stoffel is about to appear and will doubtless show the folly of this idea, for some time, at least. Colonel Stoffel, it may be remembered, was military attaché at Berlin just before the war of 1870, and his reports on the military organization of Prussia were as valuable as the diplomatic information sent by M. Rothan, then Minister at Hamburg, and whose death was announced a few days since. Had the warnings of these two men been heeded by Napoleon III. and his frivolous advisers, a great catastrophe might have been averted. Mme. Carotte, in her second volume of souvenirs, published a few days ago, relates that Colonel Stoffel was considered by the courtiers at the Tuileries as a bird of ill-omen, on account of his pessimistic predictions, and when the Emperor was dispirited the people about him used to say that he had probably received another of Stoffel's reports.

In his forthcoming work, Colonel Stoffel holds that in depriving France of her old Eastern frontiers by the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, the Emperor William I. committed the same fault that Napoleon I. did in dictating a humiliating peace to Prussia in 1806. That fault spurred up the Prussians to accept all sorts of sacrifices in order to make themselves strong enough to eventually tear the mortifying treaty into shreds. France to-day feels her humiliation as keenly as Prussia did hers eighty-four years ago, and whilst Alsace and Lorraine are not restored to France no Minister or Chief of State would dare to think of a reconciliation or even an understanding. It is not simply because the *amour-propre* of France suffers by the loss of these two provinces; the injury is much more grave. By the abandonment of Alsace and Lorraine the German frontier is advanced to the crest of the Vosges, and between this frontier and Paris the distance is only a twelve-day's march. If, therefore, the French were defeated in the first engagement on the frontier there would be no natural obstacle capable of stopping the enemy's army before it could reach the walls of the French capital. On the other hand, Berlin is nearly forty-day's march from the Vosges, and, in case of a first-reverse, would be covered by the two formidable lines of defense, the Rhine and the Elbe. The German army is thus camped within a few days' march of Paris and the fate of France depends upon a single battle lost at the frontier. It is this humiliating situation that will prevent any understanding with Germany. Colonel Stoffel thinks that if Germany should render the conquered provinces to France an offensive and defensive alliance could be made between the two countries. This alliance would guarantee peace in Europe by bringing into the pact all the secondary states and thus forming a barrier against the ambitious designs of Russia, who will one day overrun Western Europe if its different countries continue to weaken themselves as they are now doing.

The French government, as is well known, is not only entrusted with the numerous cares that devolve upon all other governments, but it has, besides, the duty of protecting the arts in all their various manifestations. It has not yet been obliged to interfere in the discussion which is now going on among the artists.

who have charge of the annual Salon, but the Minister of Fine Arts has felt obliged to recall to the director and professors at the Conservatory that one of the attributions of the State is to form comedians and teach them how to correctly recite verse and prose. To do this the Minister says that the pupils must have classical models, and not the modern examples which have been too freely allowed for many years.

In brief, M. Fallières has decided that hereafter the young musicians, comedians, and tragedians who are taught at government expense must study only the masterpieces consecrated by time, and in the public examinations they will no longer be at liberty to choose their own pieces. Thus, the sole lyrical or dramatic scenes that will henceforth be tolerated on the Conservatory platform on graduating day, are those chosen from among the works played at the Opera, the Opera-Comique, the Théâtre-Français, or the Odéon, and the first performance of which dates back at least ten years. The fact is that for some time past the young aspirants for lyrical and dramatic honors have generally chosen their parts in pieces written by men who were members of the jury called upon to judge them: Dumas and Massenet for example. The old classicists were neglected for authors more *à la mode*, to the detriment of correct pronunciation.

C. W.

#### REVIEWS.

A NEW ENGLAND GIRLHOOD. Outlined from Memory. By Lucy Larcom. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

FIFTY years ago a New England girl seemed to belong to a distinctly marked species, a variation of the race produced by certain conditions that were seldom wanting in New England homes. Piety and poverty were almost sure to be there, both in their sternest aspect. Life was often so hard that courage and independence were bred to meet it, and so bare that the hungry mind gladly turned from the real to the ideal, so that high thinking was almost as common as plain living. Miss Larcom's girlhood was typical for a large class, and her narrative is wholesome reading for young people to-day. She came of many generations of Puritan farmers. Various members of the family had their homes on that beautiful strip of coast, known as Beverly Farms. The outline of her life is in no way remarkable. A group of ten children, a father of grave and strongly marked character, a gentle, pretty mother, fill the family picture. Puritan traditions still survived in a modified form, and the way of living was simple to meagreness. But healthy children always find their best happiness in the open air, in the fields and woods, and Miss Larcom dwells with evident pleasure upon her recollections of this period, when her interest in mental things also found early development. "Every child," she says, "comes into the world with some imperative need of its own, which shapes its individuality. . . . My 'must have' was poetry." There must always be a fascination in looking back to a happy childhood, that golden time

"When the lilies look large as the trees,  
And as loud as the birds hum the bloom-loving bees."

so Miss Larcom is tempted to linger a little too long in that period of her life, "now wholly delightful in retrospect," telling of thoughts and words which would seem not remarkable among intelligent children similarly situated. But she makes no pretense of being a remarkable person, and her preface is so modest that criticism is disarmed.

When the father died, there came the inevitable breaking up of the family circle. Mrs. Larcom was obliged to give up the old home, and she decided to move to Lowell, where their very narrow means could be eked out by taking boarders, and where one or two of the daughters could find employment in the cotton-mills which had been recently established in that city. These were model mills, and admirably managed. Some of the superintendents were men of cultivation and refinement, and the corporation interested itself in the character and comfort of the operatives. Many of the girls came from remote places in Vermont and New Hampshire, and Miss Larcom thus describes her companions: "We had all been fairly educated in public or private schools, and many of us were resolutely bent upon obtaining a better education. . . . For the first time our young women had come forth from their home retirement in a throng, each with her own individual purpose. For twenty years or so Lowell might have been looked upon as a rather select industrial school for young people. The girls there were just such girls as are knocking at the doors of young women's colleges to-day."

Two small literary papers were started by the operatives, and Miss Larcom, who was only about fifteen and the youngest of the contributors, sent various little poems and prose fragments, several of which she now quotes with some amusement at their premature melancholy. Side by side at their work these girls exchanged enthusiasms about Carlyle, the early poems of Tennyson, and Whittier, and read eagerly all the good literature that they



could lay hands upon; in the evenings they formed a German class, and made themselves familiar with the German classics, both prose and verse. These were the amusements and excitements of their otherwise rather dreary and monotonous lives. It is to be feared that even in New England the factory girls of to-day would make a very different showing. None of these girls considered themselves above their work. They lived frugally, dressed with the utmost plainness, and very few of them, says Miss Larcom, "were without some distinct plan for bettering the conditions of themselves and those they loved." They belonged to the old New England which is fast passing away, and doubtless many of them had been reared in those frugal homesteads which are now lying deserted and forlorn on so many hill-sides in that uncompromising country.

But Miss Larcom's experience in the Lowell mills, though it is the most interesting part of her story, lasted only a few years. She "went West" with the stream that was draining New England's life blood even then. She accompanied a married sister, a woman of noble character and beautiful piety, and remained a little time with her in the new prairie home. Then came that usual progress,—teaching, studying, writing, moving from place to place, and adapting herself to the very different atmosphere of the new country. But courage and cheerfulness kept her company all the way, and solace and society were always at hand in her book for the leisure hours. It is the record of a brave, healthy life, very simply and modestly told, and is an excellent addition to the series of which it forms a part.

E. H.

**AROUND AND ABOUT SOUTH AMERICA: Twenty Months of Quest and Query.** By Frank Vincent. With Maps, Plans, and Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Vincent is an experienced traveler, with a predilection for tropical countries. He has the polite inquisitiveness, kindly shrewdness, and keen observing power of a genuine, cultivated Yankee. Having surveyed mankind from China to Peru, he is ready to impart, for a consideration, his notes on the external characteristics of other countries. This handsomely printed and illustrated volume is the result of nearly two years of wandering around the southern half of our continent. It appears at a time when for various reasons the attention of the people of the United States is again turned in that direction. For generations, when not too closely occupied with our own affairs, our statesmen and merchants have looked to South America with alternate hope and despair. Why should the lavish resources of tropical climates produce national poverty and decay? Why should institutions of civil government which have had such universally acknowledged success in the North prove abortive in the South? Are the results due to race, or mixture of races, to religion, to want of education or of leadership, or even to climate? Mr. Vincent's book does not attempt to answer these questions, but by giving a fair picture of the present condition of those countries he assists us in forming our own conclusions. He is a faithful reporter of the aspects of nature and people, and does not assume the role of the philosopher.

Fully one-third of the book is devoted to Brazil, which excels the other South American states not only in size and importance, but also in enlightenment. The sudden revolution which in a few days transformed the solitary American empire into a nominal republic occurred too late to be mentioned except in the preface. There is nothing in the book itself to indicate any expectation or apprehension of the change, though surprise is expressed at the apathy of the crowd when the Emperor went to the theatre named in his honor to distribute prizes to the graduates of the Academy of Fine Arts. Instead of "wild huzzas and much waving of hats" on his approach, there was not a single cheer. When he was escorted to the imperial box, "not more than twenty persons in the great audience rose, nor was there one loyal shout, or applause of any kind." Yet there is nothing in Mr. Vincent's notes on the flourishing state of Brazil, or in his expressions of admiration for Dom Pedro II., "the most democratic of all sovereigns," which needs to be revoked. The national finances are in a prosperous condition, railroads and telegraphs extend in all directions, slavery has been abolished, and free education has been made universal. The conditions seem favorable to the stability of the new form of government, but when we recollect the chronic weakness of the self-styled republics on the Pacific coast we cannot yet feel certain of its fitness for the people of Brazil.

Peru was in practical anarchy at the time of Mr. Vincent's visit, in 1885. The power of the nominal government extended scarcely beyond Lima, so that of the famous Oroya railroad built among the Andes by Henry Meiggs, only twenty-six miles were in running order. The quarrels of the rebels among themselves, however, prevented them from combining to seize Lima. The leading men, instead of being ambitious to serve their country, were intent only on robbing her and cheating her foreign creditors.

Paper money was worth but five per cent. of its face value. Yet in spite of the terrible losses caused by the war with Chili, Peru has still vast mineral and agricultural wealth, and there has been decided improvement in her internal affairs within a few years.

Chili, whose phenomenal success in the Peruvian war might have wrought her own ruin by stimulating the war spirit, has shown good sense in cultivating peace. During the last ten years her revenues have more than doubled. She now ranks in many respects as the most vigorous and powerful of South American nations. The Uspallata Pass, nearly 13,000 feet above the sea level, is on the main route between Chili and the Argentine Republic. The mule-ride is pleasant enough in the summer, but only native couriers venture to cross in winter, and even they, in spite of huts of refuge provided against storms, sometimes perish. A telegraph line now crosses there from Valparaiso to Buenos Ayres, and a railroad has been begun. Mr. Vincent, instead of crossing the Andes here, sailed around Patagonia by the Strait of Magellan. The passage through this dreary channel, still sometimes dangerous from the fierceness of Fuegians, occupied six days, while its discoverer in 1520 spent thirty-seven in crossing from ocean to ocean. On this Strait stands the most southern town of the globe—Punta Arenas, founded in 1843 as a penal settlement, but now a commercial station with coal mines in the vicinity.

To reach the heart of the continent, Mr. Vincent spent many weeks on those magnificent rivers which seem prepared by nature to be the waterways of an immense commerce—the sea-like Amazon, rolling through thousands of miles of flowering forests, the majestic Orinoco, the San Francisco, noted for the grandeur of its rapids, the peaceful Magdalena, and the Parana, whose estuary is called the River of Silver. By the last Paraguay is reached, now a country of women, the men having been ruthlessly sacrificed in the bloody wars of the insane dictator Lopez. On a branch of the Parana, navigated only by canoes, is the Niagara of South America, with environs still unmarred by the devices of man. These falls are fifty feet higher than the Niagara of our Great Lakes, but the stream is so shallow and the current so weak that the travelers were able, without great risk, to stand in the centre near the brink of the precipice. This slender Niagara may typify the feeble current of human effort, hidden and lost among the magnificent natural phenomena of South America.

J. P. L.

**SYNTAX OF THE MOODS AND TENSES OF THE GREEK VERB.**

By William Watson Goodwin, LL. D. Rewritten and Enlarged. Boston: Ginn & Co.

An enthusiastic scholar has said that within the past half century there have been as many discoveries in the field of Greek scholarship as in chemistry. Principles of grammar are now regularly taught to school-boys which had not been formulated in any text-book fifty years ago, and perhaps had been but dimly recognized by professed Hellenists. To take but a single instance, it is within that time that the use of the Greek infinitive has been to any extent cleared up. The fact that this form of the verb had in itself no power to give date to the action expressed by it had never been clearly stated, if it had been even felt. In indirect narration the infinitive acquires this ability merely as the representative of the indicative, the only mood that of itself has the power to fix time by reference to any determinate point of departure. Metaphysical theories long held have but recently been abandoned for a patient examination of the facts shown by the usage of Greek authors. Only after careful and comprehensive observation of the facts of Greek expression could the true theory be obtained. The publication of Madvig's Syntax in 1847 marked an epoch in the study of Greek, for it brought to many minds (as Professor Goodwin says it brought to his) their first conviction that "the syntax of the Greek moods and tenses belonged to the realm of common sense." But apart from special investigations which of late years have gone on with increasing industry, no single comprehensive work has done so much towards diffusing sound and rational views upon the intricate question of the syntax of the Greek moods as this work of Professor Goodwin himself.

Published originally in 1860 as a plain and practical statement of syntactical facts, it has gone through several editions with improvements and extensions to keep it on a level with advancing knowledge. It won its way into favor with English-speaking scholars so that for years past it has been the standard book of reference on the subjects it covers. It is no rare thing to read in the introduction to an English scholar's edition of a Greek classic, "the references are to Prof. Goodwin's 'Moods and Tenses.'" We may say of it (in its past form) as was said of Prof. Goodwin's "Greek Grammar" by an English editor, that the form and title were too modest for the high merits of the work. It is gratifying to find that its success and the indispensable character of the book

to students of Greek have compelled the author in this new edition to give his work such enlargement in size and such fullness of treatment, theoretical as well as practical, as can leave no room for doubt that it is a truly scientific treatise. Besides these modifications of external form and of aim, the internal changes bear witness that the author has not remained content with past achievement, but has been steadily at work, turning all the recent special publications to account for the improvement of his book both in the views set forth and in the manner of stating them. Prof. Goodwin acknowledges his "deepest indebtedness" to another American scholar, Prof. Gildersleeve, who likewise stands well at the head of scientific grammarians among English-speaking scholars. It may be worthy of note in this place that when the last edition of Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon was under way, these same two scholars were called to contribute of their stores of accurate learning, and in the editorial supervision the aid of a third American scholar (Prof. Drisler, of Columbia), was invoked. W. A. LAMBERTON.

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE AND OTHER POEMS. By William Watson. Pp. 76. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

It is several years since there appeared in *The Athenæum* a number of finely conceived and admirably wrought epigrams, which were ascertained to be the work of a young Liverpool writer, and which afterwards were published with others in a volume which appeared with Liverpool as its imprint. Since that time the lovers of really good verse have watched Mr. Watson's career with mingled satisfaction and disappointment,—satisfaction with the sustained quality of his writing and disappointment as to its amount. This thin volume is the second he has given us, and even of this eight pages are a reprint of what he thinks the best worth preserving of his first. And the only long poem he has published is that which gives its leading title to this volume, and it is just a dozen pages. Apparently Mr. Watson has the ambition to take rank as a poetical Meissonier, and would rather have people ask why he wrote so little than why he wrote so much. This is the more remarkable in so hearty a Wordsworthian, for certainly it was not his master's failing to stint his readers for fear of lowering the quality. Well did Landor retort to Wordsworth's criticism of his "Dialogues" as excessively overloaded with imagery, that prose can stand a good deal of poetry better than poetry can stand the same amount of prose.

Mr. Watson writes as for an age that has neglected Wordsworth for "misbegotten, strange new gods of song." His own poem is a very careful and judicious estimate of his master's power:

"From Shelley's dazzling glow or thunderous haze,  
From Byron's tempest-anger, tempest mirth,  
Men turned to thee and found—not blast or blaze,  
Tumult of tottering heavens, but peace on earth.

"Not peace that grows by Lethe, scentless flower,  
There in white languors to decline and cease;  
But peace whose names are also rapture, power,  
Clear sight, and love: for these are parts of peace.

"No word-mosaic artificer, he sang  
A lofty song of lowly weal and dole.  
Right from the heart, right to the heart it sprang,  
Or from the soul leapt instant to the soul.

"He felt the charm of childhood, grace of youth,  
Grandeur of age, insisting to be sung.  
The impassioned argument was simple truth  
Half-wondering at its own melodious tongue."

After this comes a series of political sonnets, from which we gather that Mr. Watson is a bit of a Jingo, detests Mr. Gladstone while reluctantly confessing his mental and moral greatness, and would like to fight Russia. Far better is the impassioned appeal to Ireland to make friends with England once for all. Its author does not discover that he is conceding the very reason why friendship is impossible, in treating Ireland as a separate political entity in his very appeal—impossible that is, until the distinctness of the two nations is a matter of law as well as fact.

THE LADY FROM THE SEA. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated with the Author's Permission, by Eleanor Marx-Aveling. With Critical Introduction by Edmund Gosse. Pp. 184. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

This play is of the same general character as "The Dolls' House," and may be said to be the last of the series begun in "Love's Comedy," and it is, if not exactly a pleasant story, yet the least unpleasant of its kind. The heroine is a daughter of a lighthouse-keeper who has been fascinated by the overpowering but quite unmoral personality of a ship's mate, and has submitted to a sort of irregular ceremony of marriage with him on the eve of his flight from justice for a murder. When he is gone she de-

sires to shake off his influence, and marries the kindly but weak physician who visits the sick on the island where the lighthouse is. But the marriage is one of convenience on both sides, and although she comes to appreciate the goodness of her husband, she never really becomes one of his family circle, as she leaves the care of his home to her two step-daughters, and takes no trouble to secure their affection. A pining for the sea is upon her, and becomes mixed, after the birth and death of a child, with a dread of her first lover whom she fancies to see beside her. Events reach a crisis with his actual return to claim her, after his being supposed to be lost at sea. At first she is possessed by a dreadful sense of his power over her, and plainly tells her husband that their marriage was a mistake, and that she should have waited for the other. She begs him to set her free to go or to stay as she may decide. To this he consents at the last moment, and the magnanimity of the act awakens her dormant but genuine affection for him, and she is liberated from the fascination of his rival. She freely decides to remain where she is, and the last act closes happily.

Does Ibsen mean to preach a sermon to modern society in this and in "The Dolls' House"? Mr. Gosse suggests that both are only studies of the psychological development of individual instances, and that the poet is not a preacher to the extent that has been assumed. And yet he himself tells us that the moral of this story is the relation of liberty to marriage,—that it is commonly assumed that the reign of liberty for woman threatens the dissolution of family relations, when in truth its effect may be to reestablish them more completely. This seems to be the meaning of the play, but on what a narrow basis the poet has placed this very large generalization! His heroine is not quite sane from first to last; her mother has died out of her mind; she suffers from illusions herself, and her condition is made worse by the doses of morphia her husband has been administering. She certainly is not a subject in which to study the normal operations of either social affections or social institutions.

And the moral itself is rather commonplace. Liberty, of course, is essential to a true marriage. And that liberty is secured (not violated) by all really civilized legislation, which requires the free consent of the woman and the man alike. The free, mutual surrender of each to the other is its continual life, and this is as constantly shown by the husband of Allida before he assents to her leaving him, as in that act itself. We again fail to see what need civilized society has of this Gospel.

ÆSCHINES AGAINST CTESIPHON (On the Crown.) College Series of Greek Authors. Edited under the Supervision of Jno. Williams White and Thos. D. Seymour. Boston: Ginn & Co.

This volume is the eleventh of the series which we have had occasion several times before, in these columns, to mention with commendation; first, because of the admirable conception of an American edition of Greek authors on the basis of the best and latest German scholarship, and edited by professors in our American colleges; and, second, because of the excellent manner in which the idea is carried out. The present volume, containing the Crown Oration of Æschines, is edited by Professor Rufus B. Richardson, of Dartmouth College, on the basis of the text and commentary of Andreas Weidner, of Dortmund, and is a scholarly adaptation of that work for use in American colleges. Weidner's recension of the manuscripts of Æschines (Berlin, 1878), marked an epoch in the criticism of that author. From a study of the existing MSS., of which there are about a dozen of authority, he concluded that there had been wholesale interpolation, mainly due to inclusion of old marginal commentary. His rejections and changes consequently are frequent and bold, but are based upon what is now generally accepted as a correct principle. Professor Richardson does not accept all the changes proposed by Weidner, but a full list of such differences is given.

The rival orations of Demosthenes and Æschines on the Crown, ending in the complete demolition of the latter, still form a picturesque incident in history. Prof. Richardson correctly characterizes Æschines as a brilliant amateur, a "tritagonist" in politics, in oratory a stranger to sustained argument, but a good narrator of stories and a ready poser in false attitudes. In the battle with Demosthenes he shows considerable skill in placing the acts of that personage in the meanest possible light, and his whole plane of argument is below that of his opponent. As an oration, the one "On the Crown" is considered inferior to that "On the Embassy," and its main interest is as the counter charge to the powerful address of Demosthenes, from which it should never be dissociated.

In this connection should be remembered the good English translation given in "The Two Orations on the Crown; A New Translation," by G. W. Biddle, published in Philadelphia, in 1881.



WILFRED. A Story with a Happy Ending. By A. T. Winthrop. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

"Wilfred" certainly cannot be called a cheerful story, in spite of the promise of a "happy ending." The death of a child has always a cruel, unnatural pang in it, and the view formerly held by many good people that life is an evil to be escaped from, instead of a gift to be used and enjoyed, is fortunately not so common as it used to be. The little boy in the story closes his eyes on the bright world, just as everything that life can give seems to be laid at his feet, and his almost unnaturally gentle religious nature gives promise that such gifts would not be misused. The general outline of the story is much the same as that of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," though the publishers call attention to the fact that the first edition of "Wilfred" was published five years before Mrs. Burnett's tale. The surroundings of the story are commonplace in the extreme. There is the inevitable English family of ten, mostly girls, two of whom it of course seems necessary to a benevolent English mind, to marry off before they are out of their teens, to unexceptionable young neighbors with handsome estates, though they have no necessary connection whatever with the little central figure. Fortunately, there is an abundance of healthier and more attractive children's books than the sad story of Wilfred.

#### AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

THE publication of Mrs. Burnett's "Little Saint Elizabeth" will be delayed, waiting for illustrations by Reginald Birch, who did such beautiful work for "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

It has been decided to place a bust of Wilkie Collins in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, by the side of the memorial of Charles Reade.

D. C. Heath & Co. will issue at once De Musset's "Pierre et Camille," edited with notes by Professor O. B. Super, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

D. Lothrop & Co. have just ready: "Eggs; Facts and Fancies About Them," a book full of information about eggs, though not a cook book; compiled by Anna Barrows.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have in preparation an edition of the "Writings of John Jay," which will be issued in four volumes, uniform with their handsome editions of the works of Hamilton, Franklin, and Washington. The "Writings of Jay" will be followed by the publication, in the same style, probably in nine volumes, of the "Writings of Jefferson."

Ginn & Co. will publish in April "Elements of Structural and Systematic Botany," by Douglas H. Campbell, Professor of Botany in Indiana University.

Cassell & Co. will shortly publish Mr. W. T. Stead's new book, "The Pope and the New Era; or Letters from the Vatican, 1889."

The utmost eagerness continues to be manifested in every part of Europe and America for definite and explicit information respecting Mr. Stanley's forthcoming work on the "Relief of Emin Pasha." The traveler has written to his friend, Mr. Edward Marston, from Cairo, as follows: "I believe the work will be in two volumes, from 450 to 500 pages each. There is matter enough, but I would wish to deal very lightly with the whole from Zanzibar to Yanbaya, that the book may be of as high interest as the main theme. If curtailed of the Lower Congo experiences, I cannot as yet feel assured that it will extend to two volumes. I have six note-books loaded with matter extremely interesting. Three long chapters are already written. I have a number of most interesting photographs of scenery, sketches of incidents, etc., and maps will be a prominent feature. I hope it will be ready in May." Mr. Stanley further adds: "Of course I cannot entertain any proposition to lecture anywhere, whatever may be the price offered. It is absolutely impossible this season at least."

A new novel by Ouida, called "Position," nearly ready by Chatto & Windus, will be found different, it is said, from anything that writer has hitherto produced.

Macmillan & Co. will hereafter be the American publishers of the Royal Geographical Society's "Hints to Travelers."

The forthcoming volume of Chambers's Encyclopædia will have an article on Gladstone by Mr. Justin McCarthy.

The death of Robert Browning has naturally drawn attention to the succession to the Laureateship. Four or five poets have been mentioned in connection with this discussion, which in literary circles has been carried on with considerable animation. A good many competent judges are agreed that the honor ought to fall to Mr. Algernon C. Swinburne.—*London Publishers' Circular.*

There is now some prospect that the biography of Sir Bartle

Frere will be published. The family of Sir Bartle Frere say that they are not responsible for the delays which have occurred.

Messrs. Longmans will publish shortly the first volume of a work by Professor Thorpe on "Applied Chemistry,"—meaning the science viewed in its relations to manufactures and the arts. The work will be completed in three volumes.

Prof. T. W. Hunt of Princeton College, has just completed a work called "Studies in Literature and Style," which will shortly be published by A. C. Armstrong & Son.

The *Publishers' Weekly* is "authorized to say" that a report that a new school book trust is being formed is without foundation.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., will publish at once in the American Men of Letters Series, the some-time announced biography of William Cullen Bryant, by John Bigelow, who knew Bryant intimately and fully appreciated the sterling qualities of his character.

A. D. F. Randolph & Co. have in press, under an arrangement with the English publishers and author, "Jesus the Messiah," an abridged edition of the "Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah," by Rev. Alfred Edersheim, D. D., with preface by Rev. W. Sanday, D. D., Oxford.

Roberts Brothers will publish early next month an *édition de luxe* of "The House of the Wolfings," an epic in prose and poetry by William Morris.

Mrs. Lynn-Linton's little book about Ireland attracts much attention in London. It is based on articles written for *The New Review*. Mrs. Linton was called in "to curse the Unionists," it is said, but before doing so decided to visit Ireland, and now blesses them. Her book contains some "surprising revelations."

We recently printed a singular statement concerning Earl Spencer's project of selling his magnificent Althorp Library, one of the most famous collections of literary and historical treasures in the world. Whether following upon the general protest against breaking up the collection or not, it is now said that the Earl has finally determined not to sell the library.

Dr. Giffen's new book, called "The Growth of Capital," is nearly ready and will be issued through G. Bell & Sons, London.

James J. Chapman, Washington, will publish March 25, the second volume of Gen. V. Derrécagaix's important work on "Modern War," translated by Lieut. C. W. Foster, U. S. A. This volume will treat of the grand tactics, illustrating tactics of the march, manœuvre marches, etc.

Henry Harland's ("Sidney Luska") new novel, soon to appear, is called "Two Women or One: From the Manuscripts of Doctor Benary."

The Cassell Publishing Company, announce a new story by Judge Tourgée, under the title "Pactolus Prime," dealing with an entirely new phase of the race-problem.

Smith, Elder & Co. announce an illustrated edition of "Vanity Fair" at one shilling. This promises to be the champion cheap-book.

Sir Theodore Martin is writing a monograph on Lord Beaconsfield. Queen Victoria has probably taken a personal interest in the undertaking.

Prince Jerome Napoleon is busily engaged upon his "Memoirs of the Second Empire."

E. P. Dutton & Co. are about to publish a description of an invalid's travels, by Mrs. Clarkson Potter, with the title "To Europe On a Stretcher."

Mr. A. P. Russell, who published a few years ago, a volume called "A Club of One," consisting of essays on social subjects, has completed a new collection of the same nature, entitled "In a Club Corner." It is to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The illustrations for the new illustrated edition of Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle" have been prepared by R. T. Prichett, who accompanied Lord and Lady Brassey on two of their voyages and prepared many of the sketches in "The Roaring Forties," and "The Last Voyage."

Instead of fifteen volumes, the number that has been stated, the *Memoirs of Talleyrand*, when published, will not make more than six or seven. Even that bulk is too great, according to modern notions.

The third part of the Ruskin bibliography is just ready in Paris, dealing with eleven works. The American reprint will appear in due course from John Wiley & Sons.

The centenary of the foundation of the Royal Literary Fund of England occurs this year. So important an event will be celebrated in an exceptional manner. It is supposed the Prince of Wales will preside at the meeting and banquet in May.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

SOME of the features of the March issue of *Harper's Magazine* are an article on the Army of the United States, by General Wesley Merritt, illustrated by R. F. Zogbaum; a paper on the boats and boatmen of Venice, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, with nineteen illustrations by her husband; and an article on Ruskin by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. The last named is the complement to Dr. Waldstein's paper in the February number of the same magazine last year. Dr. Waldstein gave a critical estimate of Ruskin's work, while Mrs. Ritchie gives a friend's estimate of Ruskin the man. She recalls many personal reminiscences in the course of her article, and makes public for the first time a number of characteristic letters from Ruskin to her father (Thackeray), to Burne-Jones, to George Watts, and to an anonymous copyist. Illustrations for the article include an engraving from an etching of Hubert Herkomer's portrait of Ruskin, and views of Ruskin's home at Brantwood.

Professor Boyesen has a story in the March number of the *Cosmopolitan*, entitled "A Candidate for Divorce." It has many realistic scenes from a young ladies' boarding school, and aims to show the calamitous results from much of the prevailing feminine education. Two timely articles are "Easter in Jerusalem," by Frank G. Carpenter, with a profusion of illustrations, and "Browning's Place in Literature," by the well-known Browning lecturer, Emily Shaw Forman. Captain Daniel Morgan Taylor furnishes an interesting article on "The Militia," illustrated by Harry Ogden, and Col. Charles Chaillé-Long gives a remarkable description of "The Desert," with several striking engravings. Another traveler, Wm. H. Gilder, collects his observations of "Signal Codes, Savage and Scientific," comparing the methods of signal telegraphy among the Esquimaux, the Indians, the Siamese, and the Army.

Arrangements have been made with W. Clark Russell and William Westall to write novels for *Lippincott's* for early dates.

Another rival to the London *Spectator* is talked of,—a weekly journal to be called *The Liberal*, and to be published under the auspices of the Liberal Association. A large section of the English Liberals feel that they have been betrayed by the *Spectator* in its course on Irish matters.

Jean Ingelow and George MacDonald are writing serials for the new *Atlanta*.

A new Edinburgh journal, called *Waverley*, is about to be started, conducted by Mr. H. Blythe.

The "Complete Index to *Littell's Living Age*," (Edward Roth, Philadelphia), advances in the Department of History to "United States."

Louis Klopsch, of New York, who has been traveling in Europe with Rev. Dr. Talmage, bought the control in London of the American edition of the *Christian Herald*, and has placed it under the editorial charge of Dr. Talmage.

The *Literary World* has been awarded the \$300 prize offered by the American Humane Education Society, for the best essay by American editors on the effect of humane education on the prevention of crime.

The Austrian Government having imposed, since the beginning of the present year, a stamp duty on the weekly papers published in Germany, several publishers have made arrangements for issuing special editions of their periodicals, edited and printed in Austria, in order to evade the additional burden. These Austro-German editions are expected to be adapted to the taste and the wants of the Germans in Austria.

Edward Bellamy has written for the *North American Review* a reply to Gen. Francis A. Walker's recent criticism of his "Nationalistic" scheme.

*La Revue Française*, recently suspended, has resumed publication, dated February, and makes a handsome appearance.

J. Sherwood Seymour, long connected with Harper & Brothers, has left the Franklin Square establishment to become business manager of the N. Y. *Evening Post*. Edward St. John, the former publisher of the *Post*, withdrew from that position to devote himself exclusively to the business of the growing periodical, *Babyhood*.

## CRITICAL AND OTHER EXCERPTS.

## READING NEWSPAPERS AND BOOKS.

E. L. Godkin, in *North American Review*.

UNHAPPILY, literature is whatever large bodies of people read. Newspapers may be bad literature, but literature they are. The hold they have taken, and are taking, as the reading matter of the bulk of the population in all the more highly civilized countries of the world, is one of the most serious facts of our time. It

is not too much to say that they are, and have been for the last half-century, exerting more influence on the popular mind and the popular morals than either the pulpit or the book press has exerted in five hundred years. They are now shaping the social and political world of the twentieth century. The new generation which the public schools are pouring out in tens of millions is getting its tastes, opinions, and standards from them, and what sort of world this will produce a hundred years hence, nobody knows. One of the most important peculiarities of newspapers is that but very few who read them much ever read anything else. The notion that a confirmed newspaper-reader can turn to books whenever he pleases, or that newspaper-reading as a general rule forms a taste for any book-reading, except, perhaps, novels, finds little support in observed facts. The power of continuous attention which book-reading calls for—attention of the eye as well as the mind—is acquired, like the power of protracted bodily exertion of any kind, by continual training, ending in the formation of habit. Anybody who neglects it in youth, or lays it aside for a considerable period at any time in life, finds it all but impossible to take it up again. The busy man who eschews literature, or postpones culture, until he retires from active industry, usually finds book-reading the most potent soporific he can turn to.

Now, nothing can be more damaging to the habit of continuous attention than newspaper-reading. One of its attractions to the indolent man or woman, or the man or woman who has had little or no mental training, is that it never requires the mind to be fixed on any topic more than three or four minutes, and that every topic furnishes a complete change of scene. The result for the habitual newspaper-reader is a mental desultoriness, which ends by making a book on any subject more or less repulsive; so that the kind of reading newspapers lead up to, for those who wish for more substantial mental food, is, at most, books or periodicals made up of short essays, which will not keep the attention strained for more than half an hour at most. This view of the effect of newspaper-reading is not weakened by anything we know of the increase in the number of books and book-readers which we see all over the world. The number of books, serious as well as light, undoubtedly increases rapidly, and so does the number of those who read them; but they do not increase in anything like the same ratio as the number of newspaper-readers. They form a constantly diminishing proportion of the reading population of all the great nations, and their immediate influence on politics and society is undergoing the same relative decline. Side by side with this segregation of the newspaper-reader from the book-reader, there has grown up a deep and increasing scorn on the part of the book-reader and book-maker for the man who reads nothing but the newspapers, and gets his facts and opinions from them. This is true to-day of every civilized country. Go into a circle of scientific or cultivated men in any field, in America, or France, or Germany, or Italy, and you will have the mental food which the newspapers supply to the bulk of the population treated with ridicule and contempt, the authority of a newspaper as a joke, and journalism used as a synonym for shallowness, ignorance, and blundering. What the journalists oppose to all this is, usually, accounts of their prodigious circulation and large pecuniary receipts, and their close contact with the practical business of life.

## CRITICISM OF BOOK ILLUSTRATION.

Henry Blackburn, in *The Nineteenth Century*.

To turn to the more artistic side of the subject: It would be difficult to point to a period in the history of book-illustration when so much bad work was produced as at present. The causes are not far to seek, and are worth pointing out, for once, in the pages of a non-technical review. The beautiful processes for the reproduction of drawings for the press are not understood by the majority of artists, or publishers, or critics.

It is the *misuse* of the processes which is dragging our national reputation in the mire. Our best artists have neither the time nor the inclination to make themselves acquainted with the methods; and it is hardly to be expected that a reviewer who has a pile of illustrated books to pronounce upon should know the reasons for the failures that he sees before him.

The deterioration in the character of book-illustration in England is a serious matter, and public attention may well be drawn to it. The first and most serious difficulty to contend against is the want of technical education in our Government Schools of Art. Students leave the schools by hundreds not properly equipped for the business of life. The business of many will be to contribute, in some form, to the making of pictures and designs to be multiplied in the press; and, in order to learn the technique and obtain employment, some of the most promising pupils have to fall into the ways of the producers of cheap illustrations, Christmas cards, and the like.

It is not the fault of the masters in our Schools of Art throughout the country that students are taught in most cases as if they



were to become painters, when the only possible career for the majority is that of illustration, or design. The masters are, for the most part, well and worthily occupied in giving a good groundwork of knowledge to every student, and leave the rest to private firms. But the art of drawing for the press has become so important that it calls for more systematic teaching than it has ever obtained in this country. The new fac-simile processes following so closely on the artist, the wonderful printing machines now in use, cheap paper, rapid distribution, and the demand for a better class of illustrated advertisements—all point to the direction from which much work must come.

In America, as in France, the best artists make themselves acquainted with these things, and are able to advise their pupils on many points relating to illustration in black and white. The result is a higher level all round. In America, the artist and engraver are on an equal footing, equal in education and aspiration. The result is seen in the illustrations to their magazines, about the excellence of which we hear so many expressions of surprise in England. That the Americans have reduced modern book-illustration to a science in which they greatly excel is well known, but the followers of their school run into extremes. Thus the young artist who takes an interest in "processes" and modern engraving is confronted with a new danger, that of considering "technique" above everything—in short, mistaking the means for the end. A well-known art-critic, pleading for more simplicity and character in our illustrations, said lately, "Book-illustration, as an art, is founded upon wood-engraving, and it is to wood-engraving that we must look if we are to have any revival of the kind of beauty which early printed books possess."

#### THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH MONARCHY.

Frank H. Hill, in *The Contemporary Review*.

THE principle of the *Referendum*, or appeal to the people, at the initiative of the Crown, on particular issues, seems the best mode of counteracting this danger [that a majority in Parliament may be elected by a minority of the people]. A constitutional reform of this kind would be at once the crowning of the democracy, and the democratizing of the Crown. If we are to have a king of England in future, he must be, like one of his Stuart ancestry in Scotland, the King of the Commons, by which I do not mean of the House of Commons. He can no longer afford to be simply the head of the classes, the chief of society in its conventional sense, the culminating point of the aristocracy. He must belong to the whole people, to the masses, as well as to the classes. Frederick William IV. was not a very wise ruler; but he said a wise thing when he declared, on his accession, that as Crown Prince he had been the first of the nobles, but as king he was the first of the citizens, of Prussia.

The great evil of the monarchy is the social flunkeyism of which it is the centre, the abject snobbism which it produces, the base servility which radiate from it in circles ever widening. If this evil were inseparable from it, it would go far to balance its political advantages. Numbers of persons read with increasing contempt and amusement the announcements of the *Court Circular* that the Queen or the Prince of Wales has ridden or walked out, "accompanied" by this, that, or some other small German prince-ling, and "attended" by some great English noble or exalted English lady. The apparatus of Lords-in-Waiting and Women of the Bedchamber does not stir veneration. The American feeling, often pushed to limits which go beyond the requirements of a legitimate self-respect against personal or menial service, is affecting English sentiment. Great dukes do not now contend which of them shall air and which of them shall put on the shirt of the king, which shall hold the basin in which he washes his hands, which shall pour water on them, and which shall hold the towel—for one reason because we have no king. But it is pretty certain that when the expenses of the Court have to be revised, the payment of a nobleman and gentleman for discharging menial functions about the Sovereign, or for pretending to discharge them and not doing so, will be sharply overhauled. It is probable that by that time a feeling may have grown up which will make English gentlemen hesitate or refuse to accept relations other than those of English gentlemen towards the Sovereign, who in this relation is nothing more than the first of English gentlemen. Under the early Roman Emperors, the humblest Roman citizen would have felt himself dishonored at the idea of his filling a place about the person and in the household of Cæsar—in fact, the idea could not have occurred. These posts were therefore left, often with disastrous political and social results, to slaves and freedmen. According to Burke, the natural taste of kings and princes for low company, due perhaps to the impulse to throw off completely the restraint of ceremony, made it expedient to give household places to great nobles. Whatever the advantage of this system, which in its time may have had its uses, the public feeling now revolts

against the spectacle of menial Dukes and Duchesses, Lord High Footman, (to borrow a phrase from Mr. Gilbert's last opera), and Lady Chambermaids or Kitchen-maids.

#### A SHARP ATTACK ON "MARK TWAIN."

The Literary World (Boston).

THE serious aim under Mark Twain's travesty ["A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court"] is the glorification of American Protestant democracy. The effort fails through the extreme partiality of the procedure. Even a Mark Twain, the persistent teacher of irreverence for great men and great events, should have some little respect left for fair play. Mr. Clemens's previous books have been bad enough in their strong encouragement of one of the worst tendencies in a democratic State, the inclination to sheer flippancy and unmanly irreverence in the face of the natural sanctities of private life, and the grand heroisms of human history. But this volume goes much farther in its endeavor to belittle a century surrounded with romantic light by men of later times, who thus fell back upon poetry as a slight relief to the hard prose of their actual lot. A buffoon, like the hero of this tale, playing his contemptible tricks where Sir Thomas Malory has trod with a noble teaching of knightly courtesy, and uttering his witless jokes where Tennyson has drawn so many a high moral of true gentleness, is a sorry spectacle. It is not calculated to make a reflecting person proud of a shallow and self-complacent generation which can enjoy such so-called humor.

The one consolation to be derived from this melancholy product of the American mind in the ninth decade of the nineteenth century is that, equally in its serious and in its jesting parts, it must bring about a healthy reaction in some of its admiring readers because it overshoots the mark; because its history is perverse in its one-sided accumulation of evils; and because its humor will be wearisome in the extreme when its falsity is seen.

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- JOSHUA. A Story of Biblical Times. By Georg Ebers. Translated from the German by Mary J. Safford. Pp. 371. \$— . New York: W. S. Gottsberger & Co.
- THE LIFE AND WORK OF JOHN WILLIAMSON NEVIN, D. D., LL. D. With Portrait. By Theodore Appel, D. D. Pp. 776. \$— . Philadelphia: Reformed Church Publication House.
- THE STORY OF THE BARBARY COSSAIRS. [The Story of the Nations.] By Stanley Lane-Poole. Pp. 316. \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- THE OLD MISSIONARY. A Narrative in Four Chapters. By Sir William Wilson Hunter, K. C. S. I., LL. D. Pp. 116. \$0.50. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.
- DR. MUELENBERG. [American Religious Leaders.] By William Wilberforce Newton, D. D. Pp. 272. \$1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- AMERICAN WHIST. By G. W. P. Pp. 367. \$1.75. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- THE NORTH SHORE WATCH, and Other Poems. By George Edward Woodberry. Pp. 122. \$1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- CONVERSATIONS IN A STUDIO. By William Wetmore Story. Two Volumes. Pp. 573. \$2.50. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- ALTON LOCKE. By Charles Kingsley. Pp. 148. Paper. \$0.25. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.
- HYGIENE OF CHILDHOOD. By Francis H. Rankin, M. D. Pp. 140. \$— . New York: D. Appleton & Co.
- THE DOMINANT SEVENTH. A Musical Story. By Kate Elizabeth Clark. Pp. 164. \$— . New York: D. Appleton & Co.
- THE EVOLUTION OF MAN AND CHRISTIANITY. By the Rev. Howard MacQuary. Pp. 410. \$— . New York: D. Appleton & Co.

#### DRIFT.

THE statistics of the issue of American books in 1889 are given in the *Publishers' Weekly* (New York), for January 25. They show the total number to be only 4,014, as against 4,631 in the previous year; and it may be added here that English publishing also showed a falling off last year, the number of issues being 6,067 against 6,591 in 1888. The *Publishers' Weekly*, in presenting its returns, makes the following remarks:

"As is often the case, after a year of great productiveness one of comparative inactivity follows. The production of books in the United States in 1888, was, next to the year 1886, the largest known in the annals of the publishing trade. Our figures for 1889 show a marked falling off from 1888, only 4,014 books having been recorded against 4,631 of the previous year, this being 617 books less than in 1888, and 662 less than in our largest year, 1886. Notwithstanding the great decrease in the total number of books published in 1889, the department of fiction was larger than the previous year, showing 942 books against 874 of 1888. Every other department of current literature testifies to fewer books, but fiction, sad to say, testifies to the reverse. There is no doubt regarding the truthfulness of these figures. Allowing about 450 books as issues of the better class of the best known cheap libraries which we record, the balance must stand for new novels either

from American or foreign sources. The larger proportion is, we should say, from American writers,—a perfect flood of novels from home authors having marked the year. That the majority of them were characterized by the feeblest indications of talent,—not to mention genius,—and that many, especially from our women writers, were inspired by a motive so base, and illustrated with details so gross, as to put to the blush many famous French offenders in this line, is putting the case mildly. It is a satisfaction, however, to record, in favor of American sense and morality, that the reaction against this style of literature set in before the close of the year. Several publishers, we understand, with whom the highest idea of their profession does not go beyond a book that sells, checked the demand they had in a measure created, and responded to the almost universal condemnation of the press by refusing to examine any further manuscripts in this line offered them. The ephemeral nature of these novels made publishers resort largely to paper bindings, the year witnessing more books sent out in paper covers than we have ever before known. Many of the covers were pretty and tasteful, and the paper and print generally tolerably good, while the price was so small as to seem to leave but a small margin of profit. Still it is claimed that many of these paper books have made money for authors as well as publishers—a hopeful indication for the not far distant days, we trust, of international copyright. Paper bindings for all ephemeral literature are growing more and more in favor. They are certainly preferable to the cloth binding for hasty reading, either to hold in the hand or to carry in the pocket or satchel. There is no reason why we should not make our paper bindings as artistic and attractive as the French do theirs.

"When we consider the place fiction occupies in the whole number of the books of the year—being almost a fourth of all the books written—it is singular that so few novels of permanent merit were produced. Recently, too, there seems to be in American fiction no middle point between the passion of the immoral novel and the commonplace colorlessness of the moral one. The same, or even more, perhaps, may be said of our poetry. If, in the latter, America has not a Swinburne, neither do we possess to-day the peer of Longfellow, with his warmth, and refined, tender glow. In reviewing the imaginative literature of the year, its colorlessness—we find no better word—seems its chief characteristic.

"The 'holiday gift-book' is apparently doomed. The best specimens of the hybrid that came to us this year fell far short of any known standards of artistic book-making. While our faith in photogravure as one of the best processes for a perfect reproduction of the artist's meaning, remains unshaken, the art is either so imperfectly understood in this country, or so badly handled, as to make caricatures almost of some of the more expensive works upon which we have seen it used. If we had never made fine books, if we knew nothing about book illustrations, these faults might be condoned; but in view of a past of which we may be justly proud, it must candidly be said that the illustrated books of 1889 sink beneath criticism. Whether their badness lessened the demand, or whether they became bad because the demand had ceased, is one of the problems of our publishing trade."

Discussing the bill introduced into Congress by Mr. Wickham, of Ohio, in relation to the apportionment in that State, Mr. Butterworth is reported as saying:

"It is beyond doubt that in many of the States gross wrongs have been done by so gerrymandering the Congressional districts as to rob a large per cent. of the voters of any guiding voice or effective participation in Congressional elections. This has been done over and over again in Ohio, Indiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, and many other States. My colleague's bill looks to putting an end to this iniquity, and if we had at this time districts in the several States that were fair it might be well to prevent any change that would be unjust if such a thing were threatened. But here's the rub. We are appealing from the sense of fairness in the State Legislatures to a sense of fairness in the National Legislature. My observation and experience satisfy me that there is no more freedom from the influence of partisan feeling in the National than in the State Legislatures. And if Congress assumes and proceeds to exercise jurisdiction in the matter of redistricting the States we may encounter the very trouble we seek to escape. In other words, partisan feeling will be as potent and aggressive here as it is now in the States. It is clear to my mind that any legislation which looks to taking charge of or supervising Congressional elections must go to the root of the matter, and not only supervise to the extent of redistricting the States, but to taking charge of the elections, and so regulating 'the time, place, and manner' of holding them as will make them free and fair, and so give expression, as nearly as may be, to the voice of the electors."

In spite of Mr. Tennyson's injunction to "Honor the Light Brigade, Noble Six Hundred," it appears that the veteran survivors of Balaklava are not with honor in their own country. A published record of the whereabouts of twenty-two of these famous warriors shows them, crippled, superannuated, and objects of charity as they are, to be occupants of British work-houses or engaged in the most menial of employments. Not only are republics ungrateful.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

Mr. Howells, in the "Study" department of the March number of *Harper's Magazine*, refers in complimentary terms to the younger school of American poets. He says:

"We have a group whose work is as distinguished and as distinctive in promise as that of almost any group of the past, which finally gave us a splendid and unsurpassed literature. If we mention only Messrs. John Boyle O'Reilly, G. P. Lathrop, R. W. Gilder, James Whitcomb Riley, H. H. Boyesen, J. Madison Cawein, the Canadian Lampman, H. C. Bunner, Edgar Fawcett, Maurice Thompson, it is because their names come to mind as we write, and not because there are not also others who if they had done in another time what they have done in ours would easily have achieved a place in the British Classics."

The Panama Canal is reported completely finished and navigable between the Atlantic and Bohio-Soldado, distance of twenty-eight French kil-

ometres. The average depth is 27 feet. On the 22d instant, the French commission of engineers, appointed by the liquidator to examine the work, will sail from New York for Paris, having come overland from San Francisco to the eastern coast. A dispatch from Chicago, Feb. 19, says that M. Germain, the president of the Commission, avoided expressing an opinion as to the future of the Canal, but that the younger engineers gave some indication of their views. M. Lagout said: "The Panama Canal is but a bad dream. So much money has been wasted that I don't believe the enterprise will ever be revived." M. Cousin said: "If the canal is finished I am to be engaged in the work, but I don't think I will ever see the Isthmus again. The people have not the confidence to raise the vast amount of money required to finish the work."

Stanley says that during his recent African expedition he came across a new and interesting race of blacks, the Wahoumas, who were absolutely European in type and very intelligent. They appeared to be descendants of the ancient Ethiopians, who settled in some way not known to him in Equatorial Africa. These people never intermingled with the aboriginal races, but kept their blood intact, considering the ordinary negroes beneath them.

So certain has Mr. Gladstone been during the last five years of the ultimate success of the Home Rule movement, and of his eventual resumption of the Premiership, that when he left office upon the fall of his Government in 1886, he stored away most of his bric-a-brac and other household gods in the garrets of the Prime Minister's official residence at No. 10 Downing street, where they remain to this day. When his son's marriage took place sometime ago, Mr. Gladstone bethought him of a pair of magnificent porcelain vases as a present for the bride. He accordingly sent a man to Downing street, with the keys of the upper rooms, for the purpose of fetching them from thence. The other treasures still remain, undisturbed by the Tory Government, and will only be removed on the death or retirement from public life of their remarkable owner.

The Emperor of Austria has arranged to grant his youngest daughter, the Archduchess Valerie, an allowance of \$100,000 per annum on her marriage to Archduke Francis Salvator, next autumn. She will also receive a dowry of \$300,000 from the State. The young bridegroom, whose income does not exceed \$7,000, may therefore be described as having made what Izaak Walton would have called "a good landing."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"I shall never forget," says General Sherman, "the impression that Mr. (Henry) Clay made upon me once when I heard him speak before the Senate. I was a young lieutenant and had just returned from California, where I had been detailed. I was one of a crowd packed in the gallery, and when he gave vent to a splendid burst of oratory we could not contain ourselves and cheered enthusiastically. Mr. Fillmore was president of the Senate, and warned the gallery that a repetition of any such demonstration would result in the place being cleared. Mr. Clay was speaking on the possibility of secession, and we all kept quiet until he said: 'I love Kaintucky with all my heart and all my soul, but if Kaintucky were to secede I would shoulder my old musket and be among the first to put her down, down, down!' Mr. Fillmore's warning was useless. The gallery arose and yelled, and I yelled with it. Then we were all cleared out, to our infinite disgust."

Sir Arthur Sullivan denounces the story that he and Gilbert have quarreled as absolutely baseless. "We are on the most cordial terms," he says; "in fact, never in our long experience as partners has more complete harmony existed between us. In the production of 'The Gondoliers' less trouble has arisen than in any of our previous efforts. Gilbert writes me regularly. I cannot comprehend why the papers have fabricated this story, any more than I can understand why the American press has so persistently ill-used us."

Africa is shrinking under the touch of civilization, as Europe and America and Asia have shrunk. The Frenchman, Captain Trivier, has crossed the continent from the west coast to the east in a little less than twelve months, breaking his journey twice—at Stanley Falls and at Kassongo. The quickest time made by any of his predecessors was fourteen months, and most of them have been a good deal longer on the road. Who can say with certain conviction that the future incorporators and engineers of the Transcontinental African Railway System are not even now in their cradles?—*Hartford Courant.*

Europe lost a strikingly picturesque statesman of the second rank, and Prince Bismarck an old, staunch, and valued friend, in the death, Feb. 18th, of Count Julius Andrassy in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He was a comrade of Louis Kossuth in the revolution of 1848; prime minister of Hungary in 1867; imperial minister for foreign affairs in 1871; and Austro-Hungarian representative at the Congress of Berlin in 1878. He was one of the best friends the Jews of Hungary ever had, and one of the most distinguished-looking public men of the century.

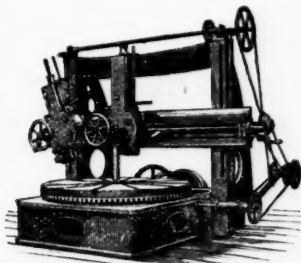
The London correspondent of the *New York Times* sends this: "Gossip about the succession to Mr. Gladstone is heard less now than at the opening of any other session I remember, probably because the old statesman comes up so smilingly with a marvelously renewed youth and a stronger voice than ever. Such talk as there is, however, shows an increased drift toward Sir William Harcourt and a growing opinion that John Morley lacks magnetism and elasticity. Mr. Labouchere grimly put the objections to Mr. Morley into a nutshell the other evening in the smoking-room when he said, 'These atheists are too high-minded for us Christians.'"

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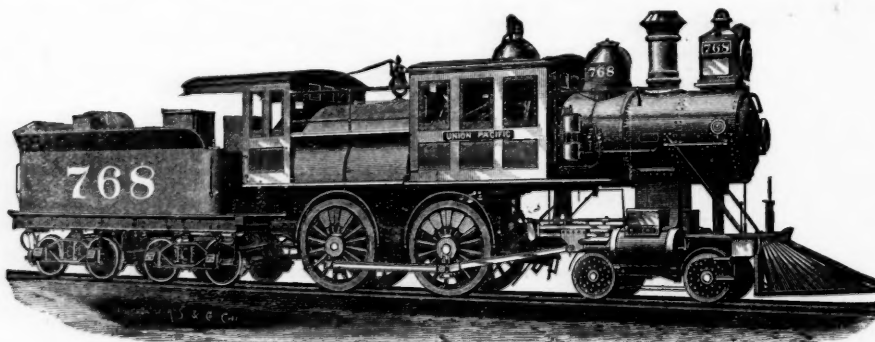
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